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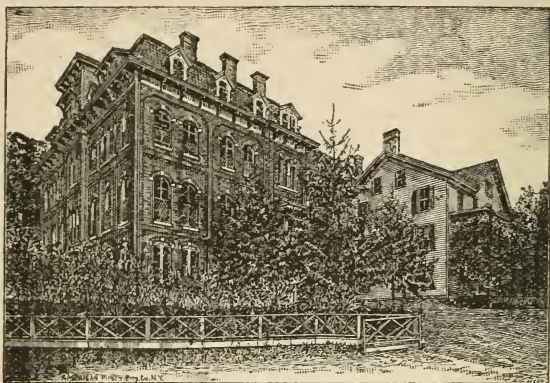


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REPORT OF A

COMMISSARY OF SUBSISTENCE

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(Symonds)

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REPORT

OF A

COMMISSARY OF SUBSISTENCE

1861-65

BY

H. C. SYMONDS

FORMERLY MAJOR AND C. S. U. S. A.

VIREUN SCHOOL

SING SING, N. Y.

PUBLISHED BY THE AUTHOR

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H. C. SYMONDS

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INTRODUCTORY.

READING the Necrological Record for 1887 of the Association of Graduates of the U. S. Military Academy, and appreciating the meagerness of the records of the worthy men so obscurely enshrined in that volume, I have thought that I too had made a record worthy of preservation, if not example.

Having a conviction of sound health, and a consciousness of rectitude in all my official life, and believing that I can do better justice to my record than can the best friend, who must know but imperfectly of what he would write, I make this "Report of a Commissary of Subsistence."

It is flippantly said of staff officers, "that few die and none resign." It is true that they rarely leave the service, and this is, to a great extent, the reason why the field of self-glorification is left undisputed to those who traffic in the "fuss and feathers" of bloody war.

Custom, regulations, and law forbid their publishing or even disclosing operations, con-

ditions, or opinions except to and through regulated military channels, the various headquarters, which generally permit only such information as will inure to the glory or profit of those who compose the executive head of an army organization.

The staff of an army is executive and administrative. The executive staff (aides-de-camp, adjutants, and inspectors) is a personal attachment to the commanding general; transact their affairs at his head-quarters, appear to the unofficial world to be the stay and power of the organization, and generally manage to share in and often to absorb all the credit and reward of service well rendered.

They command the channels of communications and divert any odium for ill success to the shoulders of the wheel-horses of all campaigns, the quartermasters, commissaries, and ordnance officers. The adjutant and the inspector at a head-quarters are generally officers of superior attainments and quality. With an able commander, they are really assistants, and everything about such a command is in order, ready for service and successful in results. The others of the executive staff will be careful, prudent, and sober, but are, at best, little more than shoulder-strapped orderlies, with superior facilities for idleness, dissipation, and intrigue.

Many generals gathered around them a staff of golden calves or of personal and familiar dependants, and such were usually failures in the day of trial. Some generals selected their staff officers from the best material within their commands, and such were usually successful at all times.

Each general, however, kept on hand a full complement for his executive staff, who had no responsibility or anxiety other than attached to their personal safety or comfort.

This is true, not merely of the proper executive staff, but of that part which belonged to the administrative staff of the army (ordnance, quartermaster, commissary, medical, pay), because these chiefs of departments habitually had an assistant or assistants, who carried all accountability for property and performed all those duties for which the law and regulations had provided these same chiefs.

These working officers of the supply departments are the ones whose exploits I wish to set forth in these pages.

Whether in the purchase and manufacture, in forwarding and preserving, or in issuing the supplies, they were the backbone, the staff and the stay of the army.

They worked twelve hours a day for twelve months in the year, and could never satisfy the

craving maws and the reckless prodigality of the defenders of the Republic.

The men of strategy, together with many men wanting in strategy, without counting the men of politics, made the cost of that war more than double what it should legitimately have been.

It has been a frequent and flippant charge with many ill-informed people, that but for the stealings of quartermasters and commissaries the war would not have cost one-half as much as it did, and it has often been the sneer of the better informed that those who did not steal when they had the chance were too big fools to know what the war was for. In this connection the following incident is worth relating. Some years ago I was traveling in central New York, and the papers contained an account of suicide by one who had been a commissary of subsistence in Baltimore during the war, and had figured in some scandalous transactions. A gentleman sitting next me in the car remarked that it was terrible to think of the rascalities of those officers in the war.

I said that I had been in the war and had had a good opportunity to know something of the work of the quartermasters and commissaries, and that I thought he was greatly mistaken; that I did not think there had been,

relatively at least, much stealing in those departments; that, of course, instances could be cited, but that it was by no means general.

He was very positive, and I asked him if he was a business man doing a large business, so that I could demonstrate the matter. He said he was doing a very large business. I asked him if he thought they had stolen ten millions,—yes; if they had stolen twenty millions,—yes; thirty millions,—doubtful; forty millions,—no. I asked him if he, as a business man, would not be content if his losses by rantage did not exceed one per cent. He said that he should.

I called his attention to the fact that forty millions would not be one per cent. of the cost of the war. I was, in many respects, largely responsible for the work of some three hundred commissaries of subsistence during a good part of the war, and I do not believe their possible pilferings could have amounted to one hundred thousand dollars, and I know there were no *stealings* in that part of the army during that time.

The losses the country suffered do not belong to those who were responsible for the logistics of the war, but they do belong, in an eminent degree, to those who had charge of the strategy and the politics of the war. I can conceive

that it would be possible, in a small war and with a small army of disciplined troops, to carry on operations measurably according to the regulations published for the government of the army.

But in a great war, carried on with troops of every description, the regulations for the quartermaster and commissary departments serve merely as a guide for the officers of those departments serving with the troops in the field.

They cannot be adhered to without a complete failure of all active operations against an enemy—unless that enemy will do likewise. Five or six quartermasters and three or four commissaries might have formed a conspiracy—syndicate, it is now called—by which the country would have been bankrupted, and that would probably have soon ended the war. I could, at any time during the winter of 1863 and 1864, by a ten-line advertisement, have advanced the price of flour one dollar, and of pork two dollars a barrel to all the people of the United States, and it would have been in strict compliance with the law and regulations.

I am not certain, at this date, if it had not been better for me had I let the law take its course.

In 1861, a few quartermasters and commissaries had an experience and were of an age to

justify the expectation that they could respond to the calls that must be made upon them. These grew as fast as the war grew, and they boldly, courageously and faithfully filled the measure of their duties.

The other older officers of these departments were generally overburdened by the labors or were overwhelmed by the responsibilities that flowed torrent-like, and they succumbed or hid obscurely till the distribution of rewards. The great labors and responsibilities were taken up by a set of youngsters, who had little experience other than had been found in playing at quartermaster and commissary for a one-company post. They had little more knowledge of business than had been acquired in spending a few hundred dollars a year for personal necessities.

How rapidly and thoroughly they filled the places they occupied the history of the war should tell, but it does not.

They realized their deficiencies, but they also realized that the volunteers were still more deficient, and they succeeded in keeping generally a little ahead of the new-comers. These volunteers, when young and properly started in their duties, became most valuable staff officers, and performed in the field the most efficient service.

With comparatively few exceptions, they were thoroughly honest, and were vastly more courageous in meeting emergencies than those who feared or had felt the sting of a "Statement of Differences."

My own part is set out in the following pages, giving the facts in current narrative, and refraining, as far as has been possible, from bitterness or criticism. Though my burdens were often almost more than I could bear, I bore them to the end, and with the fatuity of a mind weakened by the prolonged strain, and with my health impaired by an infliction which was incident to the service, and aggravated by the necessities of my duties, I resigned from a service which I loved, and in which I had gained, in the estimation of my comrades, the highest measure of renown and the lowest measure of reward.

For five years I lived a life I would gladly forget, and suddenly it dawned upon me that I was mentally and physically passing away. I was thoroughly frightened and took counsel with myself, not daring to confide my fears, and endeavoring to conceal my anxieties from all.

I must have an occupation that would afford as little excitement and as much pleasure as possible.

I engaged in my present occupation, and therein have, I think, recovered my mental tone and physical health to a degree that agreeably permits me to recur to the circumstances of the war and to an examination of my papers, which for twenty years I was not able to do without experiencing the horrors of a nightmare.

It has seemed appropriate that I should give, as concisely as possible, an account of my previous army life, which had, in a measure, fitted me for the duties of the war. There is a constant reminding that war is not remote, in the frequent discussions of militia requirements, the proposals for autumn maneuvers, the formations and inspections of camps, the disposition to large military posts, the tactical instruction in private and public schools, the energy in restoring the material of the navy to a serviceable condition, and the formation and consolidation of political thought around special interests.

For a few more years the service-men of the last war will be able to meet new circumstances with old experiences, but in ten years the youngest of them will have reached an age whose experiences will be the sneer and whose virtues will be the jest of the coming manufacturers of war history.

Will the administrative staff be in any wise better prepared to provide for a great struggle for national life than it was in 1861, and will the youngsters of the coming war be as well fitted to take up and carry the burdens it must impose? These must be borne by men who have not been sorrowed by twenty or thirty years of unsettled statements of differences; who have the moral courage to do right without fear of doing wrong and who can be tempted without being debauched by *bribes, envy or ambition.*

REPORT OF A COMMISSARY OF SUBSISTENCE.

CHAPTER I.

MANY narratives of events leading to and transpiring during the War of Secession have been written and published, but few of them show more than the foot-prints of the narrator; and he has generally so covered the ground of his own pathway that the reader is expected to remember him as the only contributor to his country's salvation. Hitherto the public has been fed with the glories of the battle-field, till glory has ceased to be very merchantable. It has been assailed with its obligations to the patriotism of the soldier, till it is almost bankrupted with the pension list. It has been mulcted by the greed of the campfollower, till pillage and gain are worshiped as the rewards of patriotism and the legitimate fruits of war.

I have often been urged to write a narrative of the war, as seen from my point of observation, but until recently the war had rendered it impossible.

A dynastic power was begotten of that war that has for twenty years terrorized the people of this country, and, even if my health would have permitted, I have not had that confidence in the Americanism of the people which could induce me to antagonize the wrath of a power founded on terror and nurtured on fraud.

I believe that power is passing away; that war was a conspiracy, a general tendency of many causes leading to one result.

It was a rebellion only in the feeble sense that it was a war against the constituted authority.

Rebellion is always in the interest of *the many*; conspiracy is in the interest of *the few*. That war was begun in the interest of *the few*. The conspiracy voiced at Montgomery in 1861 established a reign of terror over the South. The conspiracy hatched at Altoona in 1862 inaugurated a reign of terror over the North. This reign has continued till it has garnered the wealth of the country, and is almost prepared for a new conflict, seeking its pretext in the passive resistance of *the many*. Previous to 1861, official integrity had been the domi-

nating principle in the public affairs. Political partisans had reviled and traduced political opponents as scurrilously as they have done in later days, but the offices once gained had been generally held with honor and probity.

The years of 1861 and 1862 were a period of transition in which public thought became so polarized that after 1862 public office was regarded as a private boodle; the buzzard replaced the eagle in the nation's shield; loyalty to American citizenship was determined by fealty to the party in power, and the war was continued. I believe that the time has come when the people of this country will permit the truth to be told to them, and that they will receive it with understanding. There is always an unwritten history which passes "from mouth to mouth" in personal confidences, and is finally buried in the reticence or the timidity of its possessors. This it is which the historian, gathering up from the unpublished writings of actors who have passed away, makes use of to present in true colors the history of the times of which he writes.

I have been reminded that life is not now as it was thirty years ago; that modern inventions have revolutionized methods as well as thought; that what was good for that

generation is not adapted to this, and *vice versa*. But I do know that Truth is eternal; that integrity, truth in action, is equally so, and that all departures lead sooner or later to evil, both in the lives of individuals and of peoples.

I was graduated from the U. S. Military Academy in 1853, with a fair record in conduct and studies. I entered the academy thoroughly imbued with some puritanical notions of right and wrong, of good and evil, of honor and duty, and I left the academy with those notions unimpaired, and I rejoice that, amid all the temptations of a busy and, I hope, useful life, they have remained with me "without wane or shadow of turning."

Puritanism is the salt that has saved this country thus far, but the stock of it is running low, and the most useful invention of to-day would furnish means of supplying the lack.

My first duty was at Governor's Island, then the Infantry Recruiting Depot, under that good soldier and kindly gentleman, Major John T. Sprague. The ceremony of graduating was, in those days, a most unceremonious affair, and, as I soon learned, very little knowledge of soldier duty beyond the drills and obedience to rightful authority had been imparted to us while at the academy.

My first astonishment came with the first Sunday morning inspection. Mansfield Lovell commanded the "permanent party," while W. S. Smith and myself commanded companies of the recruits. The battalion was formed for inspection, but Smith and myself observed what we had never seen before—*knapsacks upon the soldiers*. There was no time for consultation or tactics. I had never heard a question or a command showing that any officer at West Point had any knowledge of that important adjunct to a soldier's outfit. I wonder if any now there know about it. Lovell gave a good, ringing command, I followed with lusty lungs, Smith followed me, and we got along as well as if we had had our education in the National Guard.

I was in the 2d Artillery, and had been assigned to Company B, Major H. L. Kendrick commanding. My company was stationed at Fort Defiance, in New Mexico, and I started in May, 1854, in charge of a detachment of recruits for Jefferson Barracks, Missouri.

Having delivered my recruits, I proceeded to Fort Leavenworth, then the great outfitting station for all frontier posts, where I arrived early in June.

While at Fort Leavenworth, news arrived that the Kansas-Nebraska Bill had been signed,

and the swarms of squatters who were encamped along the river crossed and spread out over those Territories.

We left Fort Leavenworth on the 1st of July with a train consisting of a large number of officers and officers' families going or returning to their stations in New Mexico, and 400 led horses to remount the 1st Dragoons preparatory to a march to Oregon.

The whole was under command of Col. T. L. Fauntleroy, and escorted by two companies of dragoons.

No unusual incident occurred until we reached the Crossing of the Arkansas, where we had an abundance of water and grass to prepare the animals, about 900 in all, for the journey across the Great American Desert by the Cimarron route.

While in camp there, our animals were stampeded about 9 o'clock P.M., and it cost us a delay of several days to recover them, when it was found that they were not in proper condition to take the shorter route, and we recrossed the Arkansas, moved up the river to old Bent's Fort, recrossed the river, and went on to New Mexico by the way of the Purgatoire River, arriving at Maxwell's Ranch about the last of August.

After a few days' rest we went on to Fort

Union, thence to Santa Fe and to Albuquerque, the department head-quarters.

My first impressive lesson in the "stop thief" philosophy was taken on that trip.

A classmate, Lieutenant Walker, and myself were riding apart from the command, and saw what I supposed to be a turkey sitting quietly on the limb of a tree. Walker whipped out his pistol and made for that turkey, which flew away before he could do it any damage. He came back and soundly reviled buzzards. I did not see any cause for his petulance, except at the loss of turkey, for I did not then know the distinction between turkey and turkey-buzzard, never having seen a buzzard and rarely seeing a turkey, except at Thanksgiving time. But Walker was from Virginia and knew the disgrace of mistaking buzzard for turkey, so when we had eaten, and all the youngsters were enjoying pipes, he told the story of my greenness at mistaking a buzzard for a turkey. It was useless for me to try to turn the laugh, but that buzzard furnished a week's amusement, and this is the only means I see to make the matter right in history.

I have since learned a great deal about the distinction, both in the feathered and the featherless kind.

Assistant-Surgeon Jonathan Letterman, who

had crossed the plains with us, was ordered to Fort Defiance, and after a delay of two weeks in Albuquerque on account of swollen rivers, we started for our post, where I was wanted to relieve Lieutenant Charles Griffin, who had been ordered to a tour of duty with the Light Battery at Baltimore.

We were delayed at the Puerco two days until a quartermaster's train from Defiance came up, and, with the assistance of the wagon-master, we were ferried over.

We had reached a camp twenty-eight miles from Defiance, and were sitting supperless, our rations having given out, when a wagon from Fort Defiance came in sight, and Griffin and his party came into camp and gladdened us with a good supper.

When all were in a cheerful frame of mind, he handed me a letter from Major Kendrick to the effect that he had verified all the invoices, and would hold himself responsible for all the property and funds, and wished me to sign the receipts in the hands of Lieutenant Griffin. I do not know that I reflected upon the nature of the action, but I then and there receipted for all the public property and funds at Fort Defiance, except such as belonged to the two companies of the Third Infantry.

We arrived at the Post at about one o'clock

the next day, and I then began in the proper sense my military career, which was followed with industry, energy and integrity until November, 1865, when I resigned from the army.

I had never seen Major Kendrick, but had often been congratulated upon having so good a captain and commanding officer.

I propose to give a concise narrative of that career, with a recital of attendant facts that may explain actions or create opinion; and right here I desire to bestow the greatest measure of credit and the deepest feeling of gratitude upon him who for seven years was my faithful mentor, guide and friend, Major Henry L. Kendrick, who was recently retired from active service, full of honors, overflowing with friendship, and overwhelmed with friends. He never commanded, nor did I need commanding; he wished and I did, or I did and he was satisfied; he kept me at work, and that kept me out of mischief. My life with him was a constant education in the wisdom of his experience, the knowledge begotten of his industry, and the duty of unhesitating fidelity to official obligations.

Soon after leaving him in 1861, greater duties and responsibilities were thrust upon me and many others, than had ever been in his experience or, I doubt, in his imagination; but

the precepts and example he gave me appreciably fitted me for such duties and responsibilities.

I give two incidents that, at the times of their occurrence, made great impressions on my mind, and served me later in life.

One day we rode to the camp of a rich Indian chief. After a half-hour's talk, as we were about to leave, the Indian offered him a present of some buckskin riatas. Major Kendrick, with impressive and solemn frigidity, said, "Juan, tell him that I cannot accept them, as I am too poor to receive gifts."

On our way back to the fort, he explained that if he accepted the presents, which were intrinsically worth two or three dollars, he would be perpetually under tribute to the chief, either from his own pocket or from the government supplies, and either condition was impracticable.

My own personal experience has enlarged that philosophy. If a poor man can not afford to receive gifts, still less can a poor man afford to bestow favors.

On another occasion he was perceptibly charged with feeding his horses and keeping his servants at the expense of the government. He did not seem to feel any resentment, and I knew that he was entirely free from such prac-

tice. It was some time before I took in the wisdom of his indifference, but I learned a philosophy that served me well later on in life, viz., if he did indulge in such practice, it would be prudent to resent any approach to such an accusation ; as he did not resort to such practices, he could afford to disregard insinuations. I have found that many people who are demonstratively virtuous under diminutive temptations are prone to be invitingly susceptible to the seductions of large returns.

CHAPTER II.

AS I have said, I had receipted for nearly all the public property before I arrived at Fort Defiance. As soon as I had dismounted at the post, Major Kendrick handed me his order assigning me to duty as adjutant, quartermaster, commissary, farmer, and commanding Company B, Second Artillery. In addition, I soon found myself acting as his amanuensis for all his official correspondence. We had no good clerk, and I had to keep all my quartermaster and commissary accounts and make out all my returns.

I had just ended an eleven-hundred-mile ride, but at reveille the next morning he turned me out to inspect corrals, look after the trains going out, and visit the workshops and the extra-duty men.

Immediately after guard-mounting horses were brought up, and we rode to a hay-making camp about six miles from the post.

Immediately after dinner fresh horses were brought up, and we rode to another hay camp about twelve miles from the post, and with such occupations I was kept busy by my old

friend, who seemed to be pursued by a demon of unrest. He kept me with him by day, and he kept by me at night while working at my papers, and he seemed to revel in happiness at finding a victim for his wrathful energy.

This went on for about three months, when Lieutenant Carlisle, of the Second Artillery, arrived, and I was relieved of all duties that carried extra pay. Lest I should suffer for want of occupation, and in my idleness imagine that the world owed me something rather than that I owed the world, he conjured up a device which I can recommend for the benefit or annoyance of idle subalterns.

This was the computation of data for constructing a sun-dial.

He habitually took me with him on his trips to Albuquerque and Santa Fe.

We went, on one occasion, to Santa Fe to make a personal appeal to have a paymaster sent to pay our troops, who had not been paid for eight months.

We arrived about 9 A. M., to find the town in commotion over a robbery of the paymaster that had been committed the previous night. It seems that his safe had been packed with funds to pay our troops, and he was to have started for our post that morning.

We were welcomed as peculiarly well quali-

fied for the impending court of inquiry, but, with sagacious quickness, he demonstrated the imperative necessity of his returning immediately to his post, which he had left in command of a very unreliable officer. General Garland desired him to take out funds and pay the troops. He declined, but was willing that I should take the funds without giving receipts, pay the troops, and return the vouchers. That plan was adopted, and the next day we started back with eight or nine thousand dollars for making the payments. I thus lost a week's fandangoes that I had fervently reckoned upon.

I had paid all my debts, and had a few hundred dollars in the one place where they all did it.

Major Kendrick was a very provident commanding officer, and his hay camps seemed to the Indians to encroach upon their best grazing grounds. Accordingly, General Garland, the department commander, with Governor Meriwether, the Superintendent of Indian Affairs, and a large retinue, under escort of Capt. R. S. Ewell and his company of dragoons, came out to make a treaty defining the limits of the reservation.

The conference was held at Laguna Negra, about fourteen miles from the post, where all the chiefs and about three thousand warriors assem-

bled. We had Ewell's company and our company, which had been mounted as light artillery. At one period of the powwow, the Indian agent, Dodge, who had been camping with the Indians, hastily came over to our camp, and the Navajoe women began to leave, when it looked as if the negotiations would end in a fight, for the malcontents began to circle around in angry demonstrations. Ewell's men examined their arms and stood to their horses.

We loaded with cannister and lighted the fuses, but in an hour or two the officials and the chiefs again went into the conference tent, and all was settled peacefully.

Many people have heard and read of drum-head courts-martial, but very few have participated in one. It has a lively flavor of lynch law, and that is contrary to the genius of civilized methods, yet I believe we had a full-fledged one at Fort Defiance.

One morning a couple of Indians who had been to the post and had been well treated passed out through a cañon where our men were making hay. One of the Indians, in pure wantonness, shot an arrow into one of our soldiers, and they made their escape.

The man died, and Major Kendrick made a demand upon the chiefs that they surrender the murderer, sent off a report of the affair,

and received word that his demand should be complied with or war would follow. The murderer was captured just as he was getting into the Ute country and delivered up to a party of soldiers, and brought into Fort Defiance, arriving about 12 M.

He was tried by what I suppose was a drum-head court-martial, and about 4 P.M. the same day was hanged, and peace reigned. In the spring of 1856 a lot of Indian goods were sent to our post for distribution to the Moquis living about ninety miles west of Fort Defiance. We were told that they represented an appropriation of \$28,000 for these Indians, but a New Mexican valuation would be high that priced them at \$1,200.

Major Kendrick started with ten wagons and twenty-five men to make the distribution, and bring back a load of corn which he was told could be got at Moqui.

About noon the same day a messenger arrived with orders for him to proceed immediately to department head-quarters. I started at once, and overtook him as he was going into camp about twenty miles from the post. He decided that I must go on with the train, make the distribution, and buy the corn, and that he would return and obey this order.

Major Kendrick had been there some years

previously, as had Lieutenant Shroeder, Third Infantry, but otherwise nothing was known about the country or the Moquis, who were not permitted by the wild Indians to leave their pueblos and visit Defiance.

With a Navajoe guide who had never been there, a sergeant who was there with Shroeder, and a compass, I started into the wilderness that has since been pretty well explored and described.

We were able, by cutting a road through several forests, to keep the general direction, until it came to going from the mesas down into the valley beyond which the villages are located. We arrived in the early afternoon, and word was sent out to the different villages for the head men to be present the next day, when the presents were distributed. The train was loaded with corn, and by the next night we were ready for the return trip.

Few of the presents except the cloths could be of any real service to the Indians, and the cloths even were calculated to feed their vanity and adorn their dirt. I have since read accounts written by travelers and explorers among the Pueblo Indians, but the civilizing influences of the frontiersmen must have been exceptionally potent to have produced such results as they describe.

I found in the valley east of Moqui what to me was a strange shrub, growing wild in great abundance. I gathered a bunch, and hung it to a wagon bow. On my return to the post, Lieutenant Bonneau pronounced it cotton plant, and I have since seen thousands of acres of cotton on the uplands of Mississippi that was in no way superior to what was growing wild in Arizona.

On one occasion, Major Kendrick and myself were riding near Bear Spring, where is now Fort Wingate, and it cleared off after a heavy shower, when we saw a dark object about two miles distant. At first we thought it was a bear, but his curiosity led us to it, and we found that it was an outcropping of coal, soft and of poor quality, but we used it with advantage in our blacksmith shop.

I recall his excited exclamation at the discovery: "There! I knew it, I knew there must be coal not far from that bed of gypsum. Oh, how I wish I had that bed of gypsum up in New Hampshire. There is enough to make the grass dance all over the State." The whole country abounded in valuable minerals. All officers and many of the soldiers gathered or bought from the Indians large quantities of fine garnets and other stones. After a shower the ant-hills and mounds glistened with gar-

nets, small, but countless. An officer of sagacity and intelligence was said to have dug laboriously for the large ones where he supposed the small ones came from, the ant-holes. A fruitless search suggested observation, and he found that the ants did not bring the stones up from the holes, but gathered them from the vicinity of their nests to pave their habitations.

Books and newspapers give now, as the people living there gave in those days, wonderful accounts of the great fitness of the country for the maintenance of flocks and herds. I do not believe it is, in that respect, of any more value than it was thirty years ago, and I will emphasize my belief by an incident that occurred in 1854.

Our sutler, who had gone out in Doniphan's command, was expatiating upon the great merits of the country for grazing purposes, claiming that if the Indians could be ousted, the territory could raise beef for the whole United States, and wool for the world. He cited the enormous flocks of sheep in the protected parts selling at \$2.00 a head, and finding a market in California and Chihuahua. Dr. Letterman combated his notions and berated his theories, maintaining that he could name a small State that raised more sheep, more cat-

tle, and more agricultural products than the whole Territory of New Mexico, which at this time extended somewhat indefinitely over Colorado, and west over Arizona, as now defined. He also claimed that his county, Washington, in Pennsylvania, would exceed it in all except horses, and the horses in New Mexico were a worthless product. They strengthened their opinions by a bet, which was to be decided by the Census Report of 1850.

In due time the Census Report arrived, and decided the bet overwhelmingly in the Doctor's favor with respect to both Vermont and Washington County.

In August, 1856, news arrived that several officers of my regiment had died of yellow fever in Florida, and rendered certain a promotion, which would take me to one of the companies stationed there.

Major Kendrick allowed me to go to Santa Fe in anticipation of orders, but they did not come.

General Garland allowed me to remain over in Santa Fe another month, but still the orders did not come. I had closed out all my affairs at Defiance, and did not want to return, and the General gave me a letter authorizing me to proceed to St. Louis for orders, taking my chances for mileage. We started in the mail

party with two stages and baggage wagon, three drivers, three outriders, and four passengers—Dr. D. C. Peters, who had resigned from the army, Lieutenant Elmer Otis, who was going in on recruiting service, and a Mr. Turley, who had been spending a season with Kit Carson, gathering material for a "Life of Kit Carson," which was afterward published.

Our journey across the plains was very severe. From the Cimarron almost to Council Grove the rain fell in torrents, the wind blew a gale, the cold was most penetrating, and for three days and nights we were drenched to the skin, everything was rain-soaked, tobacco could not be lighted, whisky was all gone and no food could be cooked.

The trails were filled with water, and this was alive with water fowl of every description, from the snipe to the crane. The plains were covered with herds of buffalo and for seven days we rode through, the flocks rising up and settling down behind us, and the herds moving to the right and left to let us pass.

Our coming was seen at a distance of five or six miles from Council Grove, and when we arrived we found ready for us a good breakfast of coffee, biscuit and buffalo steak, which the good wife of the mail agent had prepared. That breakfast was a revelation of the possi-

bilities of enjoyment of life which Delmonico cannot furnish.

While in Santa Fe we heard much of the Kansas border warfare going on, chiefly from a young Virginian who in the confidences of youth told us of the sacking of Lawrence by the border forces, of which he had been adjutant. His story was, that he supposed he was going on patriotic service, but soon found he was participating in barbarous outrages; he could not return to Virginia, and had come on to New Mexico to find work.

We remained three days on the wharf-boat, which was all of what is now Kansas City, waiting for a boat to take us to St. Louis.

A boat then came along filled with male passengers, among whom were about fifteen officers going to St. Louis and the East, Whitfield, the border ruffian leader, with a gang of ten or a dozen followers, and a large number of rough-looking, silent men, who were rarely seen out of their state-rooms except at meal-time. After the Whitfield gang had patronized the bar to a business point, they began to canvass the passengers for their presidential preferences. They began with the army officers, who declined to express their choice, and passed on down the cabin just before dinner, when the other passengers were

sitting outside their rooms. I followed along, taking it all in as the country boy does his first circus.

Those passengers were rough-dressed, rough-bearded, serious-looking men, and, without variation, as each was asked his preference, would look up from his reading and quietly say, "Fremont." The gang seemed to take in the situation, and became very quiet until we made a landing, when they left the boat and left us happy. I arrived in St. Louis, found my orders, and went to New York to await the arrival of my company, which had been ordered to Boston.

CHAPTER III.

I ARRIVED in New York in soldier clothes, and, as soon as I could get a good outfit, went to West Point, charged with a verbal message to Professor Bailey, who was in very feeble health.

When I called at the house, the old negro servant said that it was impossible to see Mr. Bailey ; that he was so feeble he could see no one, and could not talk. I said, "That is very unfortunate, as I have come all the way from New Mexico, where I left Major Kendrick, who gave me a message to deliver personally to the professor." She threw up her hands, exclaiming, "You come from Old Dad ! You shall see Mr. Bailey if he dies for it." I was shown to his room, and spent a half-hour there, which seemed to afford him much pleasure.

Professor Bailey died soon after and was succeeded by Major Kendrick as Professor of Chemistry, Mineralogy and Geology.

There was a great deal of adverse criticism on that appointment, and lest some smart Isaacs yet living may say, "I told you so," I will here relate a circumstance that occurred in 1860.

Archie Campbell, who had been Chief Clerk of the War Department while Jefferson Davis was Secretary of War, was staying with Professor Kendrick, who was a classmate of Campbell. After all the callers had left, and Kendrick, Campbell and myself alone remained, the Professor asked Campbell to tell him in my presence how he came to be appointed in Professor Bailey's place, as he had never heard and wished to know.

Campbell said: "It was a very simple matter. There were about a dozen applicants with papers on file, and Mr. Davis came to my office one morning with a dispatch, saying Mr. Bailey had just died, and he asked me who ought to be appointed to the place. I replied, 'Major H. L. Kendrick, by all means,' and Mr. Davis told me to make out the nomination. I made it out, and it was sent to the Senate and confirmed before the town knew that Professor Bailey was dead."

I think the Professor will forgive me for telling this at this time.

I went to my home in Salem, Mass., and waited the arrival of my company, "L," 2d Artillery, which came in the latter part of December, when I reported for duty. I was assigned to duty as quartermaster and commissary of Fort Independence, with the pay-

ment of commutations of quarters and rations through the New England States.

I had received funds and prepared a list of supplies required for the next three months, and about twelve o'clock of a soft, balmy day the wind suddenly changed, and I ordered out the boat's crew and started for Long Wharf. We were about half-way to the city when the wind blew a gale. I got aboard a brig lying at anchor and sent the boat back. At the signal raised on the brig, a tug came off and took me to the city, where I quickly bought and sent my supplies aboard the tug, which got to the fort with them, but was frozen up at the dock and remained there for about ten days. I remained in the city. I was thoroughly satisfied with my station and duties, and was enjoying the comforts of good menage, when, in August, orders came by telegraph to the commanding officer to order one of the companies to proceed with the utmost dispatch to Fort Snelling, Minn., where the Yankton Sioux Indians had been committing depredations. Major William Hays was temporarily in command during the absence of Major Arnold on court-martial at Buffalo. I tried to persuade him to send C company, but he thought he ought to send his own company, as Arnold would certainly do if he were at home. I beg-

ged him to start at once for New York, where his family was, and leave the matter to me, but he ordered his own company.

I transferred the property to Lieutenant Miller of C company, went to Boston, and arranged for the transportation.

The next morning we started, joining another company from Fort Hamilton under Lieutenant Griffin, at Buffalo, where we saw Arnold, who was delighted at the magnanimity of Hays. We duly arrived at Fort Snelling, when, for the first time, I saw nearly all of my regiment.

While preparations for the campaign were going on, Col. Lorenzo Thomas arrived on his way to examine and report upon the sale of the Fort Ripley reservation by the Secretary of War, John B. Floyd.

I was ordered to accompany Colonel Thomas, and looked forward to a week's agony, for he was reported to be an austere, harsh and unkind officer, and he certainly had that appearance.

After riding all day in solemn and sententious dignity, Colonel Thomas thawed out and showed himself, as I had been told he was to his own family, as genial, jocose and considerate a gentleman as it has ever been my fortune to know. In after years he showed me a

great deal of kindness, and was my warm, generous friend.

We had started out with an apparently well-appointed ambulance, but the second day a wheel gave out and could not be repaired or replaced. We worked along to a farm-house and procured a dilapidated buggy, which, with one horse, carried us to Fort Ripley. Colonel Thomas made his inspection, whatever that was, and we returned to Fort Snelling, where I found orders sending me to duty at West Point, fully supposing I was to be in the department of Chemistry, for which Major Kendrick had notified me to get ready.

I arrived August 28, reported to the superintendent, and was ordered to report to the Professor of Ethics. That course, under the five-year régime, had been greatly extended, distributing English studies over four classes, and most of the new studies were painfully new to me.

I think I did more real study in the first two years of that duty than I had done in my whole four years as a cadet. I had to do it to keep a little ahead of my classes.

Soon after my arrival, Lieutenant Silvey, the principal assistant, was appointed adjutant of his regiment and I became assistant professor, and had to take the new studies as they were introduced.

The first new subject I had to wrestle with was History of Philosophy, but I had a splendid first section, the Class of 1859, and got along fairly well, so that by the time the second section came in I was prepared. In the realistic minds of myself and companions it seemed arrant nonsense to waste the time of cadets with such puerile fumblings with the theories and speculations of a dead if not unprofitable past. Great events were closing in upon us, and it seemed shocking to waste the time that might be profitably employed in the practical work that we were soon to perform.

At first I pitied the mistrained men who had inflicted the stuff upon humanity ; then I endured it, as I must know more than those whom I essayed to teach ; and finally I became so filled with the sophisms, that I fear I should have embraced the subject with consuming ardor ; had not the war cut us off from all dalliance with those studies. I have never dared to allow myself to return to its mysteries. Next in order came the subject of Military Law. The knowledge I acquired in the study and reading to fit me for a teacher has always stood me in good stead. I had learned enough to know that all lesions inflicted in the overzeal of war must at last be settled by the courts in civil procedure ; and during four years

of administrative duties, much of the time under the heaviest responsibilities, I cannot recall that I ever made a mistake, unless it were a mistake to have incurred the pursuing animosity of rascally officials and their hungry satellites for successfully defending myself from their attacks upon a commissary's check-book and successfully avoiding a justifiable cause for removal. At the end of the first year Professor Kendrick applied for my transfer to his department. The Professor of Ethics objected to the application, and the transfer was not made. At the end of the second year, 1859, application was again made, and again refused. In June of this year two circumstances conspiring with the political tendencies of the times served to inflict upon me the first official outrage I had experienced.

A professor was peculiarly interested in a cadet of my section, whose term mark placed him rather higher than his examination and merits justified. Another cadet named Lovejoy was pre-eminently the superior scholar of the class and by all good rights of merit and examination should have been first in the class. His term marks, owing to timid and awkward declamation, placed him fifth.

I recommended that Lovejoy be first, but this professor insisted that the marks must govern.

The professor and myself asserted our positions with considerable heat, but he was too much for me, and poor Lovejoy came out fifth, and the decision was consistently sustained in fixing the standing of the other cadet.

I fancy Lovejoy always charged the injustice up to my account.

Again, a cadet, having an influential friend in Congress, was found deficient in English studies. The professor had nothing more to do with finding him deficient than signing the recommendation which I had made. I was on leave during the summer, but happening to stop over on my travels, I found great consternation pervading the friends and family of the professor because he had been bitterly denounced and his removal had been demanded by this member of Congress.

I rather desired to be relieved from duty then, as I had a prospect of soon returning for four years in chemistry. Accordingly I wrote a letter to the superintendent assuming the whole responsibility for the action in that cadet's case, expecting to draw the wrath upon my head, and that I would be ordered to my regiment. I had miscalculated the cussedness that the Secretary of War was capable of. He did not relieve me, but he ordered to duty there Lieutenant Benet, who was my senior,

and by virtue of his rank became the Assistant Professor of Ethics, etc., which dropped me from the pay of a captain of engineers to that of a lieutenant of artillery.

The professor appeared to be greatly annoyed, and promised to approve my application to be relieved, but all the same I was not relieved, although I made repeated applications. I was kept there on a duty that had become most disagreeable, till the war took me away with the West Point Battery in February, 1861.

When I got to Washington in 1861 and found that those who were considered thoroughly sound on politics were held in great favor, I asked my old friend Colonel Thomas, who was acting adjutant-general, if he would allow me to look over the indorsement book to see some matters I was interested in. He cordially gave permission, and I there found indorsed on my application that I had become too valuable to be spared from the department, and consent could not be given to have my request granted.

This was my first instruction in the use of official subterfuge, but I think a similar investigation into Washington records would sadden the hearts of many good men and weaken their trust in virtue's sweet charm. I am afraid

there is a heap of that kind of official lying going on, whose existence the victim is never expected to know. Perhaps this is a good place to give some valuable information to young aspirants for military fame. From the day you take your first oath of office till the last moment of your connection with the army, the record in Washington of your walks and ways, your doings and your misdoings, your sentiments and habits, are all securely recorded and of easy reference. Your virtues are well-known, and your vices are equally so. Night nor distance can hide the one nor obscure the other.

When hostilities became imminent in December, 1860, Lieutenant Griffin, who was instructor of artillery at West Point, was ordered to organize and equip from the men and material there a battery of light artillery for service at an early day in Washington. He was authorized to take any officers there on duty, and at once applied for me. The superintendent opposed my serving with the battery until he was ordered from Washington to accede to Griffin's request.

He probably thought the old machinery was still in use, and I will remark here, as I shall endeavor to show hereafter, that it took a good many of those old fellows a long time to decide if they should jump upon the new train. When

they did jump, they showed their mettle, and at one bound landed fairly in the director's car and sat right down to the table and the feast.

Many, who had truckled most to the slave-power, became the most truculent champions of emancipation, and in their scramble for recognition by the new dispensation ruthlessly assailed the motives and the merits of many who had the deservings of a lifetime for faithful and abiding loyalty ; who had been Republicans when it cost a good deal of moral courage to avow oneself a Republican.

I am not writing with a feeling of personal wounds, for I was a Northern man with Northern principles, and all my associates knew just where I stood, and with that knowledge my warmest and, to a large degree, my dearest friends were Southern men, with the most pronounced Southern principles.

I was very alive to the events of those days, and took in with avidity if not profit all the phases that have since marked the game of lively courtiership.

CHAPTER IV.

I WILL endeavor to give in cheerful coloring my experience and observations in those days, from which some will perhaps learn a lesson for use in future political cataclysms.

I do not recall to my mind that in those days the personal and social relations of officers were affected by the political heat that was warming the country up to the point of separation; but I have observed that, as a general rule, those of Northern birth who most ardently affiliated with Southern officers and most harshly denounced all of opposing political sentiments as Black Republicans or Abolitionists, became in due course of evolution the guiding models of the "trooly loyal" brood, and have since thrived upon their clamor and their denunciations of their old associates.

I know that repentance, for even political errors, is a Christian duty, but I question if Christian virtue justifies or sanctions a sudden and cold-blooded transition from flattery to defamation, from fervid adoration to fuming damnation. Those now living who were so

agile in the change of partners are old and gray-haired, but I expect to see a revival of the old time contra-dance.

No official record of the transition days has appeared, and it would be a splendid field for artistic cynicism, and many besides political yearners would feel hurt by its publication. Many writers, with a weather eye to place or profit, have told the story to the writers' interest, but the half has not been told, or when told has not been half told.

The enterprising men at West Point in those days were generally of Northern birth and Southern principles. They were aggressive, and their aggressions drove into sympathetic political intercourse five or six who avowed Free-Soil principles, and defended Republican politics, but the great majority of officers were non-committal further than to repress any defense of Republicanism, assiduously court Jefferson Davis, and cast anxious glances at the coming storm.

No special agitation occurred till the summer of 1860, when Jefferson Davis, Major Robert Anderson and Lieutenant J. C. Ives arrived. They were appointed as a Commission, apparently to investigate the course of study, and recommend such changes as seemed proper.

I venture to assert that no officer stationed there had any idea that such was the real purpose of the Commission. It was the common, whispered belief that the investigation was a mere pretext for establishing a convenient, central, justifying rendezvous for all who were actively conspiring for common action in the event of Lincoln's election.

Of course nothing officially recorded would lead to that conclusion, but common talk persuaded to that conviction.

Major Anderson (General Robert Anderson), whom I afterward served with in Kentucky as his chief commissary of subsistence, often engaged me in long, free conversations on the subject, and the whole burden of his talk was in deprecating the wrong and cruelty of making West Point the seat of the preliminary conferences ; that investigating the course of instruction was a flimsy pretext ; that the whole affair was used for consultation and preparation to meet the results of the coming election, which, if adverse to the Democratic party, was to eventuate in secession and its corollary, war. I shall, further on, recur to my service under General Anderson. He was an able, faithful, kindly gentleman ; he served his country, his God, and truth, and he died a blessed martyr.

Between 1850 and 1861 there was much rivalry and antagonism between Northern and Southern cadets of positive character, and this was shown in petty acts of injustice, the aggressors being habitually from the Southern cadets.

Occasionally the acts of aggression encountered a resistance and resulted in a fist fight, but more frequently the aggressors combined to put in Coventry such as they deemed to be particularly obnoxious.

These phases of cadet life did not always grow out of political differences, but, as a rule, Southern cadets were domineering, and assumed the general duties of social censors, whereas Northern cadets were generally submissive and wary of approach to disorderly conduct.

I could not see that the officers partook of these animosities either with respect to one another or with respect to the cadets.

If any breach of discipline occurred therefrom, they seemed to administer pretty even-handed justice, and thirty years' intimate knowledge of affairs connected with the military Academy persuade me that it is, on the whole, as just an institution as can be found on this earth.

All cadet antagonisms are, with very rare exceptions, smothered in the general joy of gradu-

ating ; mutual forgivenesses, if not spoken, are acted ; and, if animosities and rivalries grow up afterward, it is not in the earlier years of service, but later on, when the prizes are of greater pecuniary value, or the demands of the family, in meeting their necessities or in sacrificing to their follies, goad one to injustice and wrong.

I recall many incidents of those days that seem to be worth recording.

Having arrived at the post late one night, I got to my breakfast at the hotel about ten o'clock, and was chatting with an old friend, who also was taking a late breakfast. Soon a lady of commanding presence entered and took a seat near my friend, who was the daughter of a Northern officer and the wife of a Southern officer. From their conversation I soon became aware that this lady was Mrs. Davis. She could not certainly have known who I was.

My friend was berating the Abolitionists and deprecating the depravity of Northern people, at which Mrs. Davis seemed greatly annoyed. Finally she turned squarely to my poor little friend, and said : " I do not agree with you. It was my good fortune to spend last summer in New England, and I learned to admire those people greatly. My duty and mission is in the South, with Mr. Davis ; but I

assure you that the highest wish I have for my daughter's welfare is, that she should marry a New England man with New England principles. I am astonished that you, with your New England ancestry, should have such sentiments." I left the room very quickly. The election returns were sufficient to give a reasonable assurance of Lincoln's election, and while a few were saddened, and a few were exultant, the many went about with wistful anxiety.

One evening, at parade, I was hilariously noisy in my exultations, and was severely taken to task by an old professor who was naturally Republican, but judiciously discreet. Now, that professor was in my eyes a grand, venerable old man, for whom I had always cherished great respect, and of whose kindness, fidelity and justice forty classes have joined in universal praise. I have always tried to avoid giving cause for rebuke, but have never been patient under rebuke administered to me.

I turned wrathfully, and replied that in less than four months he would be shouting more lustily than I was for Abraham Lincoln—and he did so.

During December, 1860, several Southern officers resigned, but I can recall no case in which the officer did not, while incubating his

decision, take to his bed as with a serious malady. They did not go into that war with alacrity; they did not want to go at all; they invariably bemoaned the demands made upon them by family and friends to resign. Their judgment denied the demands, but the appeals decided the results.

I recall incidents relating to three of them who did not resign, but served faithfully throughout the war, and are still in service. One of these, a classmate, then and since a cherished friend, and myself were taking a walk, and I asked him what he intended to do. He replied in tones of sadness that father, mother, brothers and sisters had demanded his resignation, denounced his hesitation, and threatened imprecations on his refusal. He said that, while he regretted the conflict and sympathized with his people, he had seen nothing to justify such action as was threatening, and he should do his duty. He did do all duty that was given him, but for some inscrutable reason, perhaps his sobriety of demeanor when loyalty was advertising itself for a market, he was never given the duties commensurate with his capacity and his patriotism.

Of another I relate—he, another Northern officer and myself were holding a lodge of sorrow in his room, when the orderly brought in

an order from Washington directing that all officers renew their oath of allegiance within a specified date. To me the order seemed all right, but the other officer broke into violent denunciations of the whole black Republican gang, and declared that he would not do it. I called to his mind that while such talk might not sound so badly from our host, yet coming from him it was treasonable, and he must correct it. Turning to our Southern friend, he asked his intention about the order. The latter replied with impressive solemnity that every relative except his father had urged his resignation and denounced his hesitation ; that his father was begging him to stand by the government of his fathers, as he should do if all his family went into secession ; that he had not yet decided upon his course, but must do so soon ; that if he decided to remain in service, he should take the oath anew and keep it. He is to-day one of the most honored and respected officers in the army. The other is likewise. A third case is amusing. One stormy day in January, 1861, I was in my room, happy at escaping for a few hours the gloomy atmosphere that pervaded all intercourse, when, a tap at the door, and in came an officer, with whom I especially dreaded a political talk. He had come for that talk, and with the hope of

staving it off, I rattled on till I had exhausted myself. He had me in a corner, and at every lull in my gabbling he would gently and skillfully strike in with some secession argument. He had a reputation for challenging at very small provocation, and this kept me at a disadvantage, though I understood that no fight had ever resulted from his belligerent touchiness.

I lost my discretion and temper at last, when he asserted that the South was sure to win, as they had all the resources at home and the credit abroad. I asked what security the South could give, and he replied with demonstrative emphasis: "The South needs no security; her honor is her security." I was not paralyzed, but excitedly asked what he was doing in the army; why, with such sentiments, he did not resign and go with his own people. He smiled blandly, and replied: "Brother Dick advises me to stick," and he did stick, nor have I ever heard that he afterward uttered a word or committed an act that was inconsistent with a hearty loyalty to the Government of the United States. Among the most cherished memories of that period was the friendship shown me by Captain G. W. Smith, then Street Commissioner of New York City, at whose rooms in the Everett House I habitually passed my evenings in that city. If he was an arch conspirator, as

was at that time often charged, his social friends and visitors were singularly ill chosen.

I was there frequently, and on the most friendly footing, but I never saw or heard anything that gave an indication of hostile spirit or purpose toward the government. I knew that he had been closely identified with the Quitman filibuster expedition. I was inquisitive, and, with the remark that it was all over and there was no longer need of secrecy, he gave me what I suppose must have been pretty full details of the plans, purposes and organization of the expedition.

I think I can see a relationship in direct descent between the Federalism of the past and the Republicanism of the present ; between the Hartford Convention and the Altoona Conference ; between the filibustering that preceded it and the war of secession. Suppressing the filibusters drove back the humors from their vent and developed the craze of secession. The process of crushing secession developed the policy of centralization until it has been possible to organize a conspiracy that threatens the overthrow of liberty.

CHAPTER V.

WHILE the events narrated in the last chapter were transpiring, we were daily drilling and preparing for active service. Occasionally we could exercise the horses and men on the plain, but nearly all the drilling was done in the riding hall.

February 1st, under orders by telegraph, we started for Washington by way of Turner's Station and the Erie Railroad. The snow was very deep on the mountains, and a path was broken out for the battery; yet it took about nine hours to make the fourteen miles, and we arrived at Turner's about 6 P.M. Our orders were to proceed by the most expeditious route, but the quartermaster sent us by the shortest mail route, which proved to be a pretty long way home.

Theoretically we knew all about loading and unloading a battery, but practically we knew nothing at all about it, and it was two o'clock the next morning before we could get off. Mr. Charles Minot, the superintendent of the road, an old personal friend, came up from the city and gave us all possible assistance, and,

what was better on a cold night, plenty of good cheer.

We arrived in Jersey City about 5 A.M., and transferred the battery to the boat for Amboy, where we again loaded on cars and started for Washington, where we arrived without incident.

Going the route we did was probably economical and gave us good practice, but it was rather disagreeable for cold weather. Our battery was posted in Judiciary Square, and our quarters were near by on F Street.

The officers of the battery were: First lieutenant, Charles Griffin, commanding; first lieutenant, Alexander Piper; first lieutenant, H. C. Symonds, and second lieutenant, Alexander S. Webb.

Washington was a lively but not a cheerful place at that time. It was hardly practicable to go far off Pennsylvania Avenue. We could not drill; we could scarcely exercise our horses; we could not visit, for what was left of society had the blinds pretty generally down, and the few who did receive were far from cheerful. The principal occupation was in visiting the War Department and the Capitol by day and the hotels by night. The air was filled with rumors of invasions, explosions, conspiracies, and threats. Officers of Southern birth were

arriving, resigning and departing for Montgomery. If any correct judgment could be formed from outward appearances, they left the service with regrets and with forebodings of sorrow in store. Two or three officers of Northern birth had joined the secession movement, and but few officers of Southern birth, or Northern officers having Southern wives, were above suspicion of being sympathizers of secession.

The Southern domination in political and social life had been so continuous and overshadowing that a great many officers, having no other affiliations than their friendships and their toadyings produced, were not taken into hearty confidence. There seemed to be a daze upon the minds of the authorities. There was little sober method in what was done in those days, possibly because they did not know what to do.

There was a great deal of blatant loyalty, which was generally dovetailed with a proposal to sell arms or other prime necessities to the government, and it became so profitable a commodity that it soon became the staple article of commerce in government transactions. The pecuniary profits attending its exhibition undoubtedly encouraged its political application, and we even yet see attempts at its efficacy in political campaigns.

So far as the weather permitted, we were out with the battery, familiarizing ourselves with the city, and drilling on the avenues, which were then at full width. The Secessionists began to disappear, and Col. C. P. Stone was appointed Inspector of District of Columbia Militia, which soon became quite a soldierly force of uniformed troops.

The last week of February furnished little local alarm. The organization of Southern politicians had accomplished the work of destruction, but as yet there was no organization of Southern soldiery to give us any further task than maintaining the police of the city by patrols and a show of force.

Preparations for the inauguration of President Lincoln were going on, and the inauguration ball-room was erected between our stables and the City Hall, which necessitated a closer life around the battery.

The ceremonies and circumstances of that inauguration have been fully recorded, but for us who were at the front on that occasion there will be a lively memory while life lasts. From retreat of March 2d until noon of March 5th, all of those on duty near the City Hall were continuously under arms. Only one officer was permitted to be absent at a time, and the men were sent to meals in small details. The

horses were kept in harness, and occasionally, as rumors of dangers thickened, they were hitched up till the febrile symptoms passed.

We saw and knew but little of what was going on outside our immediate neighborhood. The political transfer had been successfully made, and the Northern heart was slowly but steadily firing, and the call for 75,000 militia came. We knew, in a vague way, that the political troubles meant war; that war meant large armies; that large armies meant promotions, and I now know that these things meant envyings, hatreds, malice, and, if not fiercer, at least more vicious animosities than were apparent between the sections.

Personally I had generated no plans nor formulated any hopes for personal advantage, nor had I heard among ourselves in the battery any expression of hope or purpose beyond an earnest desire to do one's whole duty in the emergency.

I heard, at the time of the call for 75,000 troops, a story that seemed to have a good basis of fact. There was much anxiety to learn what the President could do, as the Northern peculiarity then prevailed that it was necessary to proceed according to law, and the Democrats were supposed to have effectually tied the hands of the new administration.

I was told by a very sagacious officer that he was talking with old Peter Force about this phase of the trouble, when Mr. Force said that there need be no trouble on that score, as the Alien and Sedition laws had never been repealed, and gave the President ample authority to call out troops for just such an emergency. The officer said he hastened to the White House, obtained an interview with the President, and pointed out the facts which he had learned, whereupon the call for troops was issued. It is very certain that this officer acquired great influence in the public affairs at that time, and there is good reason to believe that that kind of industry afterward became a profitable line of patriotism, for it was soon observed that Mr. Lincoln felt a genuine gratitude—rare virtue—for any one who rendered a service to the State.

This discovery rapidly developed a devouring horde of spies and informers, who practically ruled the destinies of public men for three years of the war, and whose influence has survived so long that it has almost ruined the character of American citizenship. Previous to the arrival of Northern troops, the service of the militia and the regulars in Washington was very severe, as we were on guard every alternate night and our days were filled with

anxieties and agitation. My night duty was alternately at Long Bridge and the Arsenal, with a section of the battery and a battalion of the District militia.

The lieutenant of artillery commanded the picket with a lieutenant-colonel or major of militia to receive his orders, and it always brought up the old New Mexican story of a major commanding two live colonels.

I do not suppose there was, at this time, any organized purpose looking to the capture of the city by the Secessionists, but the possibility was diligently fertilized into probability.

My first military expedition, and, I may remark, the only warlike campaign I ever took part in, occurred at this time.

Major Pemberton had been ordered to seize and hold the Acquia Creek steamboats, whose capture was said to be threatened by the enemy located indefinitely somewhere in the neighborhood of Alexandria.

He was the only officer with his company, and I was ordered to join this company for the service, receiving the order while dining at the National Hotel.

Hastening to my quarters, I found that the company had already started, but my horse was saddled, ready for me, and I mounted and overtook the command at the landing, when

Major Pemberton divided his company into three sections, and he, the first sergeant and myself charged upon and seized each a steam-boat. The boats were all secured to the wharf without steam up, and with two or three wondering watchmen aboard.

In about two hours a detachment of District militia arrived and took charge of the property. The proceeding did not seem to worry the watchmen, but it evidently worried Pemberton. He went back to his quarters, and that night sent in his resignation.

The hotels were filling with a very noisy band of caterers to the government wants, offering all sorts of supplies, useful and useless, and any number of regiments composed of other people.

They shouted Union and damned slavery, while doing a good deal of drinking and talking trade. They did not seem to want offices. They evidently had not discovered the advantage which their possession offered to the profits of trade. This was a later discovery, but it has been well worked in the last twenty years.

I recall an argument I recently had with an old and greatly esteemed friend, to whom I had been indebted for persistent instruction in the virtues that are supposed to adorn exalted

station. He was arguing that it was proper for an officer of the government to receive gifts, use his opportunities to better his condition, and follow the general thrift of the day. I objected that if right now, it was right twenty five years ago, and that he had done me a grievous wrong in teaching me false doctrine whereby I had lost the opportunity of putting away a half million dollars; that, if it was wrong then, no sophistry, courtiership or sentiment could make it right now, be the rank of the recipient what it might, from the general-in-chief to the last enlisted private.

Before the war, the rule of public life had been that public office was a public trust, and it seems monstrous that we who believed that war to be a crusade against the wrongs of human slavery should be required to say that it was a war for the promotion of official vice. I think the first official reception by Mr. Lincoln was for officers of the army.

They assembled in the East Room, and were marshaled according to rank, from General Scott, who was near the President's entrance, to myself, who was about the youngest and smallest there. I had had a glimpse of the President at the ball-room, but otherwise had not seen him, and was all eyes to see and ears to hear.

There was not an evident desire to crowd up to the high places, but rather a disposition to get well down in the line and take time to gather conclusions. I never afterward saw Mr. Lincoln, but always remembered him as he appeared on that occasion.

He entered the room with startling suddenness, and evidently was not up to the solemnity of attending to General Scott, for he missed the mighty one and seized the hand of another. Colonel Thomas quickly caught him, and led him back to the source of wisdom. The old general radiated a combination of pity and "this is deplorable," while the President shed his anxious look and fairly beamed with an expression that seemed to say "Never mind, I did not mean it," and by the time he had handled all present seemed to be happy. The new administration had hardly begun to exist when the call for 75,000 troops demonstrated that there was profit in loyalty, and the accession of patriots and plunderers to the ranks of the administration was overwhelming.

It was not long before the original character of the administration began to disappear in an irruption of those who had hitherto reviled it. Soon the anxiety to conjure an invading force developed into a frenzy. A Baltimore mob successfully fired the Northern heart, and the in-

spiration of Annapolis almost determined the future general-in-chief.

Columbia was stretching out her arms to gather in her children, and what a queer lot answered to her call! Her cry was first answered by the wage workers and the night prowlers. When these had gathered till the numbers guaranteed comparative safety from Confederate assault, Columbia with her feminine heart began with hysterical sentimentality to bestow rewards upon the night prowlers and to organize the wage workers to her service.

For two years this mal-adjustment continued, till out of the wage workers came a superb commander, who, while the war lasted, had no peer in the armies of the Union. In the days of debate, before the issue had been joined, it had been my theory that the people of the North were a business people, and in war, as in business, would select the men of war to conduct the war; that the people of the South were a politics-ridden people, and the war would on their part be largely served with "chops and tomato sauce." It was a great mistake. The South meant business and made a business of it, while the North, under the lead of Buz-fuz and the night prowlers, seemed to regard the matter as a species of circus and their special attention was the free-lunch feature of the show.

The Congress that assembled in extra session had an idea of their responsibilities, and placed in the hands of the Executive all the means that seemed necessary for the great emergency and gave promise of a business purpose.

The administration responded in the same spirit, officered the new regiments with the flower of the army, and dispensed its early favors most judiciously.

The increase of the regular army, the enlistment of volunteers, and the enormous war expenditures rapidly developed a greed for promotions, command and profits.

The general staff of the army had contained an undue proportion of Southern officers, whose resignations were coming in in great numbers, making famous promotions for the lieutenants of the line.

The thought of promotion had not thus far come to my mind, as I was near the foot of the list and did not suppose my time had come.

One morning about the middle of May I was at the War Department, and an unusually large number of resignations were reported to have been received, and suddenly the thought came, why might I not as well have one of these vacancies?

I went to my friend Capt. J. G. Benton and presented the question to him, saying

that I thought I should prefer the Subsistence Department. He went to Col. J. P. Taylor, commissary general, and asked him if there was any chance for me, and Colonel Taylor sent word to me by Captain Benton to make my application at once, as they wanted me, but would not appoint me until I applied for it. I made application very promptly for appointment as captain and commissary of subsistence, received orders to report for duty with the commissary general of subsistence, and went back to barracks a captain and commissary of subsistence.

CHAPTER VI.

SECURING such a prize seemed to all my comrades to be a wonderful achievement, and for the time and occasion it was an undoubted success. But with a full realization, gathered in four years of unceasing mental, moral and physical agony, I would say to any young man blessed with health and brains, infused with energy and integrity, urged by pride and ambition to do his whole duty, "Avoid a staff appointment in time of war." He may fancy that he will have light and pleasant duty, and he may think it delightful to spend other people's money; he may contrast the hardships of campaigns with the pleasures of good shelter, food and society; he may place comforts of after-war life in the scale with the rewards of successful field service; but, if he is fit for staff duties, he will be one of the many who seek them, and he will bear the burdens and the ex-coriations, while they slumberingly sign their names and gather up the rewards.

Any nincompoop will make a good enough quartermaster or commissary in time of peace, but in war those offices are in every respect the

most important to the commanding general, to the troops, to the government, and to the people.

I could fortify my assertion by the record of the successes and failures of the conspicuous commanding generals. The principal quartermasters and commissaries could, if they would, criticise more intelligently than the generals themselves, the causes for the failures of campaigns that seemed to promise success.

The assistant to the commissary general, and who largely determined the details of administration, was Major A. E. Shiras, himself afterward the commissary general.

His quarters were a famous resort for such officers as were admitted to his friendship. Probably from my association with his friend Kendrick, I had been from the time of my arrival in Washington cordially welcomed to the evening gatherings.

I was by far the youngest of his guests, but he never allowed any restraint to the conversation on account of my presence. He even favored me on several occasions with extraordinary personal confidences.

In my subsequent service in his department I was in weekly and often in daily confidential correspondence with him, and I think he was the truest, bravest friend I ever had.

I never saw in him any element of treachery, envy, or malice.

I previously referred to my knowledge of the filibuster movements, and one evening, at General Shiras' quarters, several officers were discussing the relative merits of the probable candidates for the command of the army in place of General Scott. The general opinion seemed to be that McClellan would get it, but it appeared to me as if one, at least, of those present showed unmistakable dissatisfaction with the prospect. He suggested numerous inquiries tending to criticise the propriety of such selection, and one of his remarks called attention to McClellan's relations with the filibuster movements.

General Shiras showed much feeling, asserted that he knew of what he was speaking, and indignantly declared that there was nothing in the whole matter to found an objection upon. He stated some details that I was not aware of, but nothing to suggest astonishment on my part.

I have long supposed that the presumed facts learned in that evening's conversation were speedily given to a member of the Cabinet, and that this largely constituted the basis of a career which might have been illustrious if there had been any other material out of which to construct greatness.

My first duty as commissary came with the occupation of Alexandria. I was sent down with a boat-load of stores to be turned over to the quartermaster as acting commissary of subsistence, and on arrival heard of the death of Colonel Ellsworth, which had occurred just previously.

On my return I was ordered to report to General McDowell for temporary duty as chief commissary until the arrival of Col. H. F. Clarke from Fort Pickens.

I hardly know how to record the impressions I formed after a few days' service there. We all rode about from camp to town and back to Arlington House in the train of the general. I did not see what it was all about, nor do I yet understand it. I have never yet learned why a quartermaster and a commissary were riding at the heels of a general on a tour of social or political calls. Capt. J. B. Fry, the assistant adjutant general, was the only one who seemed to know his business and how to do it. I fancy I knew as much as the others, but my knowledge was small and my presence seemed to be of no use.

In a short time Colonel Clarke arrived, and I was sent to the depot at Alexandria. The arrival of Colonel Clarke marked the real beginning of my knowledge of the part a com-

missary of subsistence can play in war. He knew what was needed, and how to accomplish it. He was gentle in manner, kind in speech, clear and concise in stating his wishes.

We rode to Alexandria, and on the way he stated what must be done, and talked over the means for effecting it. We looked over the storehouses and went to the old custom-house to examine its adaptability for a bakery. We found that it, with the adjoining property, would answer the purpose, and we had an interview with the agent of the property.

The agent declined to rent the property to the government for any purpose or any consideration.

We went to Washington, found a good man to boss the job, and gave him instructions to hire men, procure materials, and be on hand the next morning.

The next morning men with materials arrived and went to work to convert the place into a bakery capable of turning out 40,000 loaves of bread daily.

The agent of the property was obstinate and offensive, and after explaining the necessity for using it and offering to take a lease of it, which he refused to give, I took possession and went to work, planned for twelve ovens, each ten by thirteen feet, and for barrack and mess-

ing room for eighty bakers. As soon as the work was sufficiently advanced, I telegraphed to New York and Boston for bakers, and on the 17th of July we turned out the first batch of bread from six ovens, about 10,000 loaves. In two or three days more all the ovens were in full blast, and we were prepared to meet all demands.

I had the principal wharf and the large block of stores at the head of the wharf. Stores came in in large quantities from Washington and New York, and I met all calls upon my depot.

I was happy with the consciousness that I had a duty commensurate with my desires, and with a growing belief that I could do my duty in a perfectly satisfactory manner, one thought was that I would do something that should redound to the honor of my country and my name. That thought possessed me during four long wearying years. I had had an intuitive idea of the relative importance of the quartermaster and the commissary to successful war, because, while in Washington during the passage of the bill for the organization of the volunteer forces, the opinions of regular officers were eagerly sought, and my suggestion was, that a regimental quartermaster and a regimental commissary should be appointed

by the President to each regiment of volunteers, and these officers should be taken from the worthy non-commissioned officers of the regular army.

I recall to mind the look of pitying derision with which my suggestion was received by an older officer whose luckless advice and influence in military affairs led the country into repeated military disasters. It required a yet longer study, for I had not even then learned the distinction between a turkey and a buzzard.

General Shiras advised me, on receiving my appointment, to get a good non-commissioned officer, familiar with the papers and the duties, and make him my clerk. He recommended a corporal of Captain Pratt's company, who was then acting as commissary sergeant at the Capitol bakery, and seemed to be a well educated, good man. I had not served with troops for nearly four years, and confess to some feeling of helplessness. I accepted his advice and applied to Captain Pratt, who was not willing that the man should be detailed to duty with me, but was willing that he should be discharged. I took his name, went to the War Department, procured his discharge, and, when he returned at night to his quarters, he was ordered to report to me. Thus James

Carnegy Savage became my clerk—chief clerk, as he was afterward called. He continued with me during my service, always a soldier, faithful in every position, intelligent and earnest in every duty. I bear his fidelity, his zeal, and his integrity in ever affectionate remembrance.

I spent the evening of July 21st with General Runyon at his headquarters, and knew from the dispatches he was receiving from the front that we had been defeated at Bull Run, and the next day the army returned to Alexandria, wet, hungry, and dispirited.

The next day I was ordered from Washington to load all my whisky and most valuable stores on the three steamers then lying at the wharf, and was instructed to proceed with them to Washington, or down the river, as my judgment prompted, in case the enemy pursued the army into Alexandria.

Some funny incidents occurred in this connection.

Previous to the battle a company of the 11th New York Volunteers had been the guard to my storehouses. They were a pretty good guard, for, while they helped themselves freely to whatever pleased their fancy, they allowed no one else to pilfer.

When this regiment was ordered to the front,

this company was replaced by one from another New York regiment newly arrived. The new arrivals were a pretty hard set ; not only did they not prevent others from pilfering, but they themselves pilfered outrageously. I stated the fact to some of them in rather vigorous language, whereupon the company held an indignation meeting, and appointed the first sergeant as spokesman. They came to the office, stated their grievance, and demanded an apology from me. I do not remember what I said, but I did not apologize, nor did they tarry long in the office.

After the battle, when the 11th New York came back to Alexandria, the old company kept right on to the old quarters, and in fifteen minutes had cleared out the new-comers, and sent them back to their regiment.

I observed a considerable number of the Garibaldi Guards on the wharf in excited debate, and wandered among them unheeded. I found they were discussing the question of seizing one of my steamers and starting down the river. I signaled to the United States brig *Perry*, lying in the stream. An officer came ashore and I explained in audible tones the situation and my wishes, and that ended the question of flight in that direction.

McClellan was appointed to the command of

the army, and I was promptly relieved and ordered to report to the commissary general. I have never yet been able to understand why I was about the only scapegoat of that fiasco of Bull Run. I had certainly done all that the most experienced commissary could have done. I never heard that there was any question raised about food supplies, and if there had been it was no fault of mine. I had an ample supply and filled promptly all wagons furnished for their transportation. I was afterward told that I had been reported as reckless in my operations, and liable at any early day to be seriously involved, and I know that the officer who so reported me was himself made a brigadier general to rid the war of his incapacity as an officer of the general staff. He filled this office with considerable credit.

Subsequent experience taught me that if a stupid general lost a campaign, his first kick was at a quartermaster or a commissary, or both. It never seemed possible that he had been unfit for his place, and I never heard of but one failure who had the audacity to acknowledge his own incompetency ; yet, for some inscrutable reason, his very confession of incompetency seemed to be the reason why he should be exalted to chief command.

The administration seemed to have a spasm

of confession of incompetency by the appointment of McClellan, who had at least helped "to set a squadron in the field."

They began very soon to repent them of their mistake, and quickly healed the wounded failures by promotions and superior commands. Perhaps if they had gone to the people with their confession, and acknowledged their errors, the country would have so sentimentally indorsed their virtues as to have rendered unnecessary the political intrigues and outrages that prolonged the war unnecessarily for two years, and inflicted irreparable injury upon the American character.

The plans, orders and reports of that battle are all *secundum artem*, but it would be very good reading even at this late day that should tell the truth about it, and the country would survive the recital, a paraphrase of Æsop.

After turning over my property and funds, I reported to the commissary general in Washington, and wandered aimlessly about the city, a little dazed by my first knockdown, but a good deal dazzled by the splendors of the new dispensation. Although I had, in a way, known many of the stars now appearing above the horizon, yet they tended to bewilder a simple observer by their frantic hurrying and scurrying about on horseback. I could not under-

stand it all, but it seemed to betoken great activity about something. They always rode at a gallop, and here the contrast was impressive, for before Bull Run we always rode at a walk.

While I was standing near the War Department, one day, gaping at the show, General Robert Anderson met me and asked what I was doing. I informed him of the situation as nearly as I understood it, and he said I was just the one he wanted for his chief commissary, as he had been ordered to Kentucky, and was looking up staff officers.

We went into the commissary general's office, and he stated his wish that I should be ordered to report to him; but objection was made to my going to Kentucky, as my political views, while very well for the atmosphere of Washington, were too pronounced for Kentucky at that stage.

General Anderson insisted, and said he would go to the President, from whom he would certainly get the order, whereupon the commissary general surrendered, and I was ordered to report to General Anderson for duty.

CHAPTER VII.

I DID not think that General Taylor's objections arose from any unfriendliness, for I had had too many tokens to the contrary.

I fancy that his real objection arose from his doubt of my ability to go it alone.

He afterward advised me carefully and solemnly as to my duties, liabilities and temptations, and charged me, "Never sign a check or a receipt in blank," saying: "If you get into money troubles we cannot help you, but if you have any trouble in property accounts, we may be able to assist you through such troubles."

I followed his advice implicitly and never had any trouble in money or property accounts. On the contrary I accounted for more than \$100,000 worth of surplus stores and, over and above the legitimate duties of my office, earned for the government more than \$500,000 during my four years' service at Louisville, and in three days I settled my accounts at the treasury, covering a disbursement of nearly \$35,000,000.

I reported to General Anderson in Cincinnati about the 10th of August and remained there a week.

The general, with Prime of the engineers, started for Louisville by way of Lexington and Frankfort, but the remainder of the staff were ordered to proceed by boat to Louisville, and await the general's arrival.

Our entrance into Louisville was marked by the same token that had attended my arrival in Alexandria. The levee was deserted, the stores were closed, and our walk to the Louisville hotel was watched through slightly opened doors. We were required to wear our uniforms, probably to prevent our being treated as spies, because there was a notion that we were in the enemy's country. The hotel appeared to be deserted, and the few people seen appeared as if awaiting an impending doom.

This lasted for several days, until General Anderson arrived and established a head-quarters, when some people began to appear on the streets, and a few sought head-quarters for interviews with the general.

There were no troops, and, until troops were permitted to enter, or it was decided to invade the State, I, as well as nearly all the staff, were absolutely without employment or means for useful idleness, and we killed time very extensively in playing billiards.

This, for want of news, afforded the news-

paper correspondents an opportunity to earn their wages by denouncing the levity and idleness of the staff officers in throwing all the burdens upon General Anderson.

Camp Joe Holt had been established across the river, between Jeffersonville and New Albany in Indiana, and Camp Dick Robinson near Nicholasville, Ky. There were in these two camps between two and three thousand men, but they were supplied in some irregular way of which I knew nothing.

There was a great deal of political maneuvering, and General Anderson showed that he was anxious and greatly worried.

An incessant stream of interviewers began to pour in upon him, and we, who were without occupation, begged that we might be permitted to intercept the stream and receive the interminable tales of wants and woes that were slowly but surely killing him. He said that they would not be satisfied without a personal interview, and he must endure it to the end. The end was not long in coming, and his health, strength and nerves soon gave way.

We were essentially without public funds, and the general atmosphere betokened an enemy's country. Money was necessary for the business General Anderson had in hand, and we were informed that he was indebted to

the patriotic confidence of an eminent merchant for a temporary supply of the funds necessary to the successful prosecution of his task.

I afterward had extensive dealings with this merchant, and his conduct therein was marked by a generous spirit of enterprise and patriotism. His influence and his affluence invited the animosity of rivals in trade, and, by some means inexplicable to me, I was made to appear unfriendly to him. I think I can at this time say without perversion that I never knowingly spoke or acted unkindly to him, yet in 1864 he joined with the unclean herd in their assault upon my reputation and character.

At length, the word came that the troops at Camp Joe Holt, now largely increased, were to cross the river and go down the L. and N. R. R. to Muldrow's Hill. I contracted for such supplies as were needed for immediate use, secured a large storehouse, advertised for proposals, hired clerks and men, and, before the volunteers had begun to come in from Indianapolis and Columbus, was prepared to fill all requisitions for subsistence. I remained uninterruptedly at Louisville in charge of that purchasing depot till the close of the war.

The work grew from 3,000 rations a day, till

at last, in 1864, I was purchasing, receiving and forwarding 300,000 rations a day.

In these later days that would seem to be sufficient responsibility for any one person ; but in addition to that, I was running a cracker bakery, with 400 barrels of flour a day ; a bread bakery, with 150 barrels of flour a day ; a soldiers' rest, with from one to five thousand meals a day (on one occasion we furnished 15,000 meals); three pork houses, each packing about one thousand hogs a day ; a pickle factory, putting up 6,000 gallons of pickles a day, and was receiving about one thousand head of cattle a day.

Besides, we had to provide for twenty-one hospitals, with 20,000 patients.

I was entirely responsible for the cracker-baking part of the extra duty, but all the rest was thrust upon me in spite of my protest and objections. I think I could have carried over all work without injury to my health, mind or nerves ; but I was, in the fall of 1864, so attacked, harassed and bedeviled by vicious idleness and political viciousness that, before the war closed, I was pursued by an overpowering desire to flee from the cursedness I seemed to have provoked. One more such year would have cost me my life or my reason.

The persons who united in this concurrent

attack were probably attending simply to the business they had in hand—politics and election, profits, promotions and revenge, but it was all rendered possible by my refusal to prostitute my office and my sense of official honor by forcing my three hundred civil employees to go from Kentucky into Indiana and vote there at the presidential election of that year.

Already overburdened with labors, I had been compelled to prosecute the hog-packing schemes of the administration, put forward as a pretense for saving the government from the operations of a ring of speculators in pork; but, as I look back at it, I believe it was a scheme for bulldozing the people of Kentucky in that election.

As soon as the troops began to move across the Ohio river and to the front, it became necessary to establish depots for supplies all along the line occupied.

A regimental quartermaster accompanied each regiment and was really necessary to its proper service; but a few were detached and placed in charge of temporary depots. I spoke to General Anderson about the need of officers for subsistence duty, and he informed me that he had authority from the President to appoint six quartermasters and six commissaries of subsistence of volunteers, and that, if I would

give him the names of suitable persons, he would appoint them.

Upon my recommendation he appointed Marshall H. Bright, Samuel J. Little and Thomas R. Sinton to be commissaries of subsistence of volunteers.

Sinton resigned at the end of one campaign, but Bright and Little served throughout the war, always in most responsible positions, always commanding the confidence and deserving the approbation of department commanders and the Subsistence Department. Captain Little was put in charge of the depot at Nashville at its occupation, and remained on that duty till the close of the war.

Captain Bright served in the field with General Buell's army, and afterward was placed in charge of the depot at Chattanooga.

During Sherman's campaign against Atlanta, he was the chief commissary in charge of subsistence affairs at Chattanooga, until, upon my application, he was ordered to Louisville to assist me in that baneful pork-packing episode.

I feel a sentiment of pride in having discovered and put forward two officers who, by their intelligence, integrity, and energy, contributed so much toward the success of campaigns in which they had most important and responsible duties.

They certainly received no promotion, and I venture to believe their names are scarcely to be found in the official history of the war. General Anderson was soon compelled by the incessant and senseless chatter of garrulous patriots to give up and retire from the conflict, worn out in body, having his nerves scattered, and his mind worried beyond recovery.

General Sherman succeeded to the command, but continually protested that he did not want it, and would not have it. He has given his story of those days, but I venture to relate my recollections of an event that is historical. General Sherman said to me one morning that he was to have an interview with the Secretary of War, and wished me to be present. I was there on time, and entering the room I saw the Secretary lying on the bed, foot in air, and, I think, smoking a cigar. Adjutant-General Thomas and a stranger were sitting at a small table covered with writing materials, while three or four officers were standing about, leaning against the walls. General Sherman was pacing back and forth across the room, chewing nervously at a cigar.

Soon the Secretary, speaking in a listless, drawling tone, began to ask questions, which General Sherman answered in a nervous, jerky

manner. At last the Secretary said: "General Sherman, how many men do you think it will take to carry on the war from this point?" General Sherman replied, sharply: "You can't do anything with less than 100,000, and I think you will want 200,000 before you get through."

The Secretary replied drawlingly: "Why, General Sherman, you must be crazy!"

I always fancied that that was the beginning and the end of Sherman's insanity.

Previous to the appointment of my volunteer commissaries I made a running contract and gave orders for supplies as they were needed. Afterward I procured a storehouse, placed Captain Sinton in charge and took my own office near department head-quarters. My office was of regulation pattern, and consisted of two rooms, the front room being for clerks, and the rear room being reserved for talk and negotiations. I, as was then, and, I suppose, is now the mode, ensconced myself in the back office, access to which was had only by consent of the chief clerk. Business was increasing, and I was much sought after. People of commercial note came and confidentially gave points and information, brought good cigars for me to smoke, proposed numerous delicate attentions, and lifted me into the opiated atmos-

phere that is generally provided for those who spend other people's money. I had not, at that time, got on to the slang of business enterprise (and I will remark here that I have not since been considered a very good *business* man), and I do not doubt that I appeared stupid to my entertainers, for I only realized the drift of the proposals as they became very broad.

The times, circumstances, and office arrangements had probably seemed propitious, when, sitting at my desk at an hour of general freedom from visitors, a female of superb presence and rich adornment was ushered into my office.

Being seated, she began discoursing with great fluency and apparent knowledge upon those branches of trade with which my office was concerned. She was handsome, and looked earnestly into my eyes all the time, as I know, because I was looking into her eyes. Soon, without my knowing how it was brought about, she was sitting close before me, enforcing her views with a massage of my knees, which, to say the least, was most uncomfortable. I do not lay any claims to being a Joseph, nor can I say that I have a gloating admiration for the character; but I do say that, as soon as the phantom had gone, I removed my desk to the

front office, and my clerks to the rear office. I never afterward allowed myself to be alone, even in the front office, during business interviews.

My observation and information, then and subsequently had, have persuaded me that *private offices for public business* have many sins to answer for.

The matter of offering presents, commissions, bribes, or whatever you please to call them, had become common, and I began to doubt the wisdom of remaining on such duty. It was something I had never encountered since the incident with the Navajo chief. I had learned in boyhood to fear gift-bearing Greeks. My common intelligence told me that the acceptance of commissions was dishonesty, and my birth and whole education had taught me that bribe-taking was a crime of capital quality.

With rare exceptions, persons having business transactions with me seemed to regard it as a matter of course that they should offer a consideration for services rendered.

At first, I showed indignation, and even made exhibitions of myself, sometimes to the astonishment, but more frequently to the apparent contempt of the parties. After a scene of unusual and unbecoming violence on my

part, I went home and had a long talk with myself.

I asked myself if all men be scoundrels, as I have been taught scoundrelism; if integrity be an absolute, or only a relative virtue, and can I afford to proclaim as vice and parade as virtue what are mere incidents of commercial custom or puritanic faith. I argued long and earnestly with myself, and finally concluded the conference with this decision: "If you are on the make, it will be eminently proper that you affect a virtue, if you have it not. If you are not on the make, it would be better to laugh at the proposals than to regard them seriously."

After reaching this decision, I slept peacefully, and the next morning had an opportunity to apply my philosophy.

I laughed when the gentle murmur came, "If you will do this, I will make it right with you," and the surprised look made me laugh the harder, till I became almost hysterical.

Thereafter, with few exceptions, which I shall record as I proceed, I was free from that annoyance.

I do not mean to say that all officials who exhibit indignation at attempts to their seduction are rogues, but I do say that I have known several such indignant beings who were doing it all the same.

Troops were steadily coming in, and my business as steadily grew. I soon removed my office to the storehouses—for we rapidly grew from house to houses—and our minimum fixed stock of rations was 1,000,000, when General Buell arrived and assumed command.

CHAPTER VIII.

GENERAL BUELL brought out a large number of splendid staff officers, regular and volunteer. All the departments were quickly put into good working order, and the confusion and lack of organization previously existing gave place to order, discipline and effective organization. Everything betokened an organized force with a capable head. There was no pomp and circumstance, no idleness and dissipation, or politics and tomato sauce.

Troops coming in rapidly from the North and Northwest were sent forward and brigaded without confusion or delay.

I began to be crowded for room, and secured a large warehouse near the levee, increasing my stock to 3,000,000 rations. The rolling stock of the railroad was limited, and much vigilance was required to keep the advanced depots well supplied, but there were no complaints arising from want of subsistence.

The troops were new to the service, and had not learned to be thankful for good hard bread, but must have soft bread. I devised a portable oven, consisting of two quadrants of a

cylinder looping together as a framework, on which earth could be banked, and having two semicircular end pieces. These served well for company ovens during the transition from the recruit to the veteran stage. I ordered 1,000, and said to the man that I would probably require another thousand, if they were found to answer the purpose.

The manufacturer delivered not one but two thousand, a fact which I did not learn for several days, when the bill was presented. He declared that I had ordered 2,000, and his manner suggested that he felt confident of his position.

I paid him for 2,000, but was never afterward put in that position, for I at once made an order-book with a duplicate stub, and a similar book for proposals.

A party offering supplies of any description or amount wrote his proposal in duplicate and I entered my order in duplicate. I gave him the duplicate of the order, and sent the duplicate of his proposal to Washington.

I never afterward was troubled with disputes about prices, amounts, or quality contracted for.

A short time before the forward movement against Nashville, Captain R. Macfeely arrived and reported for duty. As he was my senior,

I expected to go to the front with General Buell. I had made no preparation for field service, and asked for instructions, when I was informed that I was to remain in Louisville, and that Macfeely was to go with head-quarters. Captain John Fry, C. S. of Volunteers, reported to me for duty. He was an elderly man, and I thought that Captain Sinton would be more serviceable in the field, and accordingly I relieved Captain Sinton and placed Captain Fry in charge of the stores for issue. He remained on that duty with me during the war, having my entire confidence, fulfilling his duties to my satisfaction, and during my occasional absences taking charge of the affairs of the depot.

Previous to General Buell's arrival, I had an acquaintance with politico-military appointments made in the early days of war. One day I noticed among the visitors to my office a bald-headed, gray-haired gentleman who looked as if he might be a man of note in his community. He came forward during a lull in the work, stood very erect, soberly drew forth an official envelope, and handed it to me. I opened it and read that Captain Jacob Heaton, C. S. of Volunteers, was ordered to report to me for assignment to duty.

I looked as kindly as possible, but thinking

him hardly fit for field service, I said : " Well, captain, we are in want of commissaries at the front, and you will have to go forward with the troops in the field." He drew himself up to the greatest height that he could, stood in the attitude of Henry Clay engravings, and replied : " Sir, my friend, Secretary Chase, sent me this appointment, unsolicited on my part, and accompanied by a letter stating that I would be stationed in Louisville to purchase subsistence for the army. I was willing to do, so far as in me lay, such service as I could for my country, and accepted, with that assurance on his part."

I had not seen or heard anything in that style since leaving Washington, and was startled as by an apparition, and quickly replied that I did not know anything about that, but just at present I was assigned to that duty, and he had better go up to head-quarters, where they could tell him more about it. He started for head-quarters, but in about two minutes, and at a more rapid pace, my messenger went with a note to the adjutant general, asking that an order be ready for Captain Jacob Heaton, C. S. of Volunteers, directing him to report at some point at the front, and suggesting one or two places where such an officer was most needed. The captain arrived at

head-quarters, received his orders to go that afternoon, and was not allowed to tell about his friend, the Secretary.

It is not a part of this narrative to go far beyond my own personal environments, but it is worthy of record (I doubt if it is elsewhere recorded) that Captain Heaton did good, faithful and efficient service for three years. He often favored me with a friendly letter giving the military gossip of his neighborhood.

He entered my office in 1864, looking older, but still erect, stated that the life was too severe for him, and that he had resigned.

A few days after Captain Heaton had been disposed of, I observed among the visitors a stout, rugged man of about fifty years. He stood well back, evidently an interested observer, until all had left, when he handed me an official envelope, and remarked that he had been observing the methods of the business, and he did not think that he was qualified for the duties of a commissary of subsistence. I was greatly taken with his appearance and remark, and endeavored to persuade him that all commissaries did not have such a lively time of it.

He was thoroughly satisfied, and only wanted to know how to get out of the scrape in a reputable manner. I told him that his friend,

Secretary Chase, would be glad of the opportunity to present his appointment to another friend, and that, if he would write out his resignation, I would forward it. He did so, and returned to Muncie, Indiana.

In a day or two along came another with the same story and like document. This one was from New York. He was lean, aged, and inquisitive. He inquired about the extent of purchases, the amount of disbursements, and the patronage in the way of clerkships. I told him that I was not anxious to remain in Louisville, but that I had been assigned to that duty, and must continue until I was relieved, which was a matter that rested with the commanding general. He said that he had come to take charge of subsistence affairs at Louisville, and would go to headquarters, where he did not doubt that he could arrange it, and he casually claimed some kinship with the general. While he was talking, I wrote a note to the adjutant general, asking him to have ready an order directing Captain —, C. S. of Volunteers, to report, at the earliest practicable moment, to Gen. T. J. Wood.

Wood was a very vigorous and decided officer, who needed a commissary, and would probably be able to keep this new power well in control. He went to head-quarters, received

his orders, reported to General Wood near Bowling Green, spent a half-hour there, left his resignation in General Wood's hands, and returned to Louisville.

I do not know how far such a policy extended into other military departments, but it was not calculated to impart great efficiency to active military operations.

As the head-quarters of the Department of the Cumberland were soon removed to Nashville, I became the depot commissary, and no more business of that kind came within my control. The numbers of troops, the extended lines, and the occasional chances of using river transportation necessitated a larger fixed stock of supplies, and I increased my stock to 5,000,000 rations.

Louisville had now become a stirring center of activity; few stores were to be had, and suitable ones only at great expense. Besides, it seemed to me that so large a stock of supplies as was necessary would be a great temptation to irregular attacks, and would be just as available for use, while more securely placed, if they were on the other side of the river.

I procured a lease of the public square near the railroad depot in Jeffersonville, and the erection thereon of four buildings, each 50 by 150 feet, leaving room for four more such, in

case of necessity. The railroad company extended their track alongside these buildings, and thereby greatly facilitated operations, as they were used for storage of flour and hard bread coming in by rail.

After I had decided upon the location, but before any knowledge of my purpose could have been known, an officer of the railroad urged upon me the advantage of owning a thousand shares of their stock. I told him that I had no money to buy railroad stock. He said they did not want any money, and I could have the stock for \$10 a share. I saw the advantage, and wrote home for the money, stating that it was a perfectly certain profit, but declining to disclose the nature of the operation. I did not get the money or the stock. I had \$1,000,000 on deposit at the time, and knew perfectly well that I could have this stock without using a cent of public money or of any other money, but I could not see my way clear to do it on that basis. I must have the \$10,000, buy and pay, borrow on the stock, and return the \$10,000, or I would have nothing to do with it. That stock was afterward quoted at 165. I have never sorrowed over the loss, if loss it were.

Hard bread was a very important element of the ration, and the profits on the manufacture

up to the early part of 1862 were so great that many small bakeries had yielded respectable fortunes to the owners. These at that early day exhibited the instinctive characteristics of the more recent trusts. Many new bakeries were started, and competition was so active that we reasonably expected to find the bread offered at a fair price. On the contrary, the price steadily advanced, and was out of all proportion to the cost of flour, which was very low at that time. I learned that the bakers had established the habit of holding a convention at the Galt House, at which they determined the price of each one's bid, and the amount each should offer in response to my advertisements.

I held a public meeting with them in my office, and called their attention to the fact that they required from me fair, honest dealings, and I insisted that I, as the responsible agent of the government, was equally entitled to fair, honest dealings on their part ; that their practice was against honest business, was unjust to the government, and destructive of my reputation ; and that it must cease, or I would find some means to bring it to an end.

I explained the matter to General Buell, and suggested that it might be advisable to build a bakery in Jeffersonville, where I had ample

room. He agreed with my suggestion, and authorized me, if in my judgment circumstances seemed to justify it, to carry out my idea and build the bakery.

I then began to investigate the manufacture of hard bread by conversing with each of the manufacturers separately, writing down the results and data given by each. I found, by comparing my notes, that each baker gave very different figures for each item of cost, but that each gave a uniform figure for the total cost, which allowed about a quarter of a cent per pound for profit.

This seemed to be a reasonable profit, but by verifying the cost of the several items, entering into the cost of manufacture, I found that they were making a profit of about two and a quarter cents per pound. This was a scandalous profit, being about fifty per cent. on a monthly or semi-monthly turn of stock.

They held their usual convention previously to making proposals for my next opening of bids, and I told them that if they ever repeated the operation I would build a bakery which would at least regulate the price of hard bread thereafter.

They seemed to regard my remarks as a very good joke, and made themselves very funny about my becoming a baker, but they did not

know that breadbaking was a part of commissary business, although I will remark that it was generally limited to soft bread. The next month they went through the same performances, but I made no further remarks. I employed an architect of reputation and sagacity to inspect hard-bread bakeries in Cincinnati, Chicago and St. Louis, submit plans and specifications, and give an estimate of the cost of a bakery capable of turning out 2,000,000 pounds of hard bread a month. Within a reasonable time he submitted the plans, and reported that such a bakery could be built and equipped for work at a cost of \$31,000.

I employed him to go right on, lay the foundations, secure material, build and equip according to his plans as rapidly as possible, at the customary commission of five per cent. on the cost.

He began breaking ground for the foundations, and, at the end of three days, I was interviewed by a friend, who said he had been requested by the bakers to ask me if \$25,000 would induce me to stop the work. I simply replied that it would be no inducement, and that the work must go on.

The bakery was expeditiously built, equipped and set in operation at less than the estimated cost.

We turned out from that bakery a monthly average of about two million pounds of hard bread of superior quality.

We sent detailed monthly statements of the cost to all purchasing commissaries for their guidance in purchasing. In four months from the time it went into operation the profits had repaid the whole cost of the work, and thereafter, from the 1st of October, 1863, to the 16th of August, 1865, when the bakery was closed, the net profits were \$285,751.57.

We made good bread and maintained a good standard for all bread purchased. We restrained by so much the merciless greed of the manufacturers.

Statement of operations for the two years three months from May 17, 1863, to August 16, 1865 :

149,429 bbls. flour, costing.....	\$984,661 72
5,990½ cords wood, “	29,501 97
20,491 bush. coal, “	5,299 22
747 gals. oil, “	1,102 65
66,336 lbs. nails, “	5,139 17
445,894 packing boxes, costing.....	135,045 91
66,816 barrels, valued at.....	18,807 30
Gas, costing.....	1,408 04
Repairs, costing.....	8,263 82
Services (clerks, bakers, packers, etc.)....	122,379 39

Making a total cost of.....\$1,311,609 19

and producing 27,500,536 pounds hard bread.

Lowest cost of manufacture was $3\frac{15}{100}$ cents in August, 1863. Lowest price of purchase was $3\frac{85}{100}$ cents in September, 1863. Highest price of purchase was $7\frac{70}{100}$ cents in 1864. Highest cost of manufacture was $6\frac{20}{100}$ cents in September, 1864.

It would be only fair that the government divide.

CHAPTER IX.

AFTER the head-quarters of the Army of the Cumberland had been established at Nashville, that became the initial point for operations toward Chattanooga, and affairs in Louisville moved along very quietly.

It was the period of high water in the rivers, and the commissary in Cincinnati sent a large amount of supplies by boat to Nashville. I used all the cars I could get, and also sent by boat, so that during Buell's campaign there was at no time any embarrassment from a lack of subsistence stores.

Bragg's movement in force into Kentucky before the period of low water in the rivers perhaps prevented the outbreak of a disease that afterward became chronic. I do not believe, however, that it would have been likely to break out in a serious form while he was in command of a department, for he appeared to know what his quartermasters and commissaries were doing as well as he knew about his adjutant general and chief of staff. It was my impression that General Buell kept in himself full command over the whole organization of which he was the military head.

While this was the state of affairs and time hung lightly, a gentleman came into my office and introduced himself. I had not seen him in fifteen years, but quickly recalled him as an old school-mate and oft-time contestant in some hard-fought battles of boyhood. I had heard of his growing fame, and supposed him to be, as I found he was, thoroughly in sympathy with the war. He told me his later doings, but not the purpose of his visit to Louisville.

He had just come from the Altoona conference of Northern governors, and was on his way to Springfield, Illinois.

He spent several days in Louisville, and wished to see Mammoth Cave.

Our armies in the East, West, and center were all moving in apparently full tide of success.

I called his attention to the fact that I had seen in the *New York Times* several extracts from rural papers, giving sharp thrusts at McClellan. I asked him if he could tell me what it meant: if there was any method in it.

After considerable hesitation he said that there was; that it had been decided that McClellan must go; that the Democrats had determined upon running McClellan in 1864, and that they, the Republicans, did not pro-

pose to supply the ammunition ; that I might as well know it, so that I could govern myself accordingly.

I do not think I made any betrayal of my thoughts and feelings at such an avowal. I had no personal emotions for or against McClellan. I had never been possessed of fetichism of any kind. I was for the government of my country, and whoever best served my country was my friend. I had looked sharply to the acts of those in high stations, whom I had known as Northern men with Southern principles, but the days had long passed when we had any doubts about the loyalty of Southern men still in service, letting alone any question of Northern men. All such had gone to their own place.

I now began to look sharply at the acts of those whom I had trusted with an abiding trust.

The end of that June, 1862, brought the first sorrow I had felt about the war. The organizers for the election of 1864 had raised a concerted howl throughout the country, and, so far as McClellan was concerned, the question was essentially disposed of. I believe that the natural counter-conspiracy to the secession conspiracy had set in, and that I had been notified to catch on.

Possibly it was necessary to meet fire with fire, hate with hate, injustice with injustice; to kill treason by making men traitors to conscience; to punish outrage against the government by making men outrage the whole humanity of their lives, but I do not believe it—I did not believe it—I will not believe it.

The order removing McClellan would more appropriately have been styled “Headquarters, Reign of Terror, General Order No. 1.”

I do not know or care anything about the merits of the claims which the friends of McClellan make to his superior qualities for command. I know it cost the country a whole year of military and financial anguish before it found a competent successor, whom personally I did not know, but whom I do know, from personal experience, to have been the grandest of *our* military commanders.

Grant’s assumption of the command at Nashville dates the restoration of my faith in the success of the armies of the Union, and thereafter it knew neither wane nor shadow of turning.

Moreover, I do know that whole swarms of officers, whom I had known as preëminently “McClellan men,” made unseemly haste to serve the new dispensation by vicious denunciation of him, and by mendacious laudation

of his opponents, until, by the time Grant had gathered in the prize, the army was truly loyal.

As Bragg was moving into Kentucky, a great deal of disorder was developed in Louisville by the arrival of the demoralized troops from eastern Kentucky, the entrance of new, undisciplined regiments that were hurried forward from the camps of instruction by the home guard preparations for defense, and, above all, by the absence of a real commanding officer.

General Nelson was greatly excited, and, as usual, very violent in speech and act. He ordered that all quartermaster and commissary stores be moved across the river. We had thirty or forty thousand troops, loose or in camp, around the city; and they must be fed, and a helpless lot they were to provide for.

I paid no attention to his orders to remove the stores and he came personally and ordered it done. We needed the stores where they were, and, besides, I belonged to General Buell for orders, and thought myself to be as competent as Nelson to determine if the crisis had arrived. He sent wagons and men, that had got a few loads down to the levee when General Buell arrived with his army in good order.

Personally I had not been an ardent admirer of Buell, although I fully recognized and

respected his military virtues. It may have been that I had some of the anti-McClellan virus in my system, and looked upon him as an embodiment of that worship, or it may have been that I had no such inducement, as the lamb had, to love Mary.

But, on this occasion, he showed as grand qualities of fitness for chief command as had ever come within my knowledge by reading or observation.

In three days from the time of his arrival, having his own good army as a nucleus, he re-organized out of that otherwise heterogeneous material a splendidly appareled and equipped army of 60,000 men, and moved out to meet Bragg's forces.

And, from all the information I received, and I received a good deal that has not been written, or, if written, has been presented in so gingerly a manner as to carry erroneous convictions, I am persuaded that, had his orders been executed with subordination to duty and loyalty to military service, he would have redeemed the disasters in the East by a victory in the West.

I must relate a memorable event of that day, as probably no one knew the facts better than myself. Being at that time one of the few regular officers stationed in Louisville, and

being well known to the younger portion of the old army, my office was a general resort for such officers arriving in the city.

The campaign in southwest Missouri had closed with the battle of Pea Ridge, and General Jeff. C. Davis was visiting his home in southern Indiana, when the news of Bragg's invasion and of Buell's march to Louisville reached him, and he hastened to Louisville and came to my office to talk over the matter.

He said that his brigade had been ordered to Nashville, and he had expected to rejoin it there, but could not do so under the circumstances; that it was a question in his mind if he ought not to report to General Nelson and offer his services, which were probably worth something; that he did not like to volunteer services which might be rejected, and that he had formerly known Nelson but did not fancy that he would be a very pleasant officer to serve under. I advised him to go and offer his services, telling him that General Wright was in Cincinnati and was expected in Louisville at any moment.

He reported to General Nelson, and was ordered to organize the Home Guards, of which several companies had already been formed. He went to work, formed them into regiments, and designated the organization of each. At

the end of three days he reported to General Nelson that the Home Guards were as ready as they could be to receive arms, and asked where he was to get arms for them.

He gave me the following account of the interview immediately after it occurred :

After stating the fact that his Home Guards were ready for arms, and asking General Nelson where they could be procured, Nelson asked how many men he had, and Davis replied that he could not say exactly, but should think there were about three thousand.

At this Nelson burst into one of his paroxysms of rage, cursed him for an ignorant fellow to come with such a report of *about* three thousand, and a regular officer at that, who ought to be supposed to have some fitness for such business. He wound up by ordering Davis to leave his office and report to General Wright in Cincinnati, saying that he wanted no such worthless material in his command.

Davis, after telling me of his reception, said : "General Nelson shall give me, as soon as he is not in command, as open and as ample an apology as is the insult I have received."

He took the boat for Cincinnati, reported to General Wright, and returned with him to Louisville, where General Buell had just arrived. That morning, having just left the

breakfast-room, I was standing in the office of the Galt House talking with Nelson, when Governor Morton came in at the side entrance, and Nelson left my side to speak to him. I saw him speak to the governor, and the next moment there was a commotion and a pistol shot. I saw Nelson falling, and Davis throwing up his arms wildly. General Buell soon ordered Davis into close arrest, confined to his room in the hotel, where I soon afterward visited him. He told me that he regretted what he had done; that he had not contemplated any such result, but had intended to say to General Nelson, "You insulted me grossly at a time when I could not resent it, and I now as publicly demand an apology."

Before he could finish, General Nelson slapped him back and forth across the face, shouting, "Pooh! pooh! go away from me."

A bystander thrust a pistol into his hand, and he fired. The grand jury, then in session, soon investigated the matter and returned "no cause for action." Davis was soon released from arrest and returned to duty. I had hitherto been so engrossed in my duties that I had given no thoughts to field service. General James Jackson, a member of Congress from Kentucky, and my warm personal friend, had done such good service in Buell's army that

in the reorganization he obtained command of a division. He had procured the appointment of my classmate, Terrill, for one of his brigadiers, and, as he afterward told me, he had planned to have me appointed for the other brigade, when he expected to do grand service. I knew nothing of the doings in that respect until he had failed to accomplish his object. He sent a brother member of Congress to Washington with an extensively signed petition for my appointment as brigadier general. A few days before the battle of Perryville his friend returned and reported that he had failed in his mission on account of the opposition of General Shiras, who had protested that I could not be spared from my duties as commissary.

I confess to having felt a keen disappointment. A Colonel Webster had been put in command of the brigade destined for me, and, at the first volley, Webster, Terrill and Jackson were killed.

The campaign ending in the battle of Perryville has been discussed, and Bragg's retreat has been sufficiently described, but those matters do not pertain to any account of mine. A military commission was sent to Louisville to investigate the failure of Buell, who had not failed, and the commission failed to find any grounds for displacing him, but, neverthe-

less, he was relieved and was replaced by General Rosecrans.

I had had but little intercourse with General Buell, and that little was not exhilarating. I had received but little instruction or inquiry from his office, and I gave little cause for any, but I wish to add an opinion which I deem myself competent to form and express.

By the displacement of General D. C. Buell the country lost the services of the best general I had thus far encountered in the war; in fact, he was the only one who had shown those qualities that I had thought necessary for high command. He had, perhaps, received a few supplies from Cincinnati of which I may not have had any report, but my consolidated statement of subsistence stores sent to Nashville from December 1, 1862, to November 30, 1863, shows:

	Rations.
Salt meats.....	42,068,813
Breadstuffs.....	53,606,558
Vegetables.....	67,023,986
Coffee and tea.....	64,655,643
Sugar.....	59,484,446
Vinegar.....	22,183,300
Candles.....	57,931,920
Soap.....	50,553,025
Salt.....	30,533,706
Pepper.....	33,100,000
Molasses.....	43,634,400

	Rations.
Whisky, gals.....	73,685
Golden syrup, gals.....	3,050
Kraut, gals.....	2,000
Pickles, plain, gals.....	19,985
Pickles, assorted, gals.....	2,422
Cabbage, heads.....	2,110
Eggs, doz.....	15,505
Canned goods, doz.....	150
Onions, lbs.....	506,763
Potatoes, lbs.....	5,057,445
Dried apples, lbs.....	56,992
Dried peaches, lbs.....	26,799
Butter, lbs.....	36,402
Lard, lbs....	11,291
Salt fish, lbs.....	27,000

This was the equivalent of a daily average of about 160,000 rations for Buell's army.

CHAPTER X.

WHEN General Rosecrans arrived in Louisville, I had an interview with him about affairs pertaining to the subsistence of his command.

I gathered from his remarks, which were very amiable and flattering, that I would remain in Louisville in the same position, but that he had his own personal staff, which would accompany him in the field. I received the congratulations of my good friend Shiras on my appointment to a lieutenant-colonelcy under the law which had just been passed. Nevertheless, I was not made a lieutenant-colonel under that law, or under any other law that was enacted for that war. Captain Bingham and Captain Macfeely, who had been under General Buell the efficient heads of the quartermaster and commissary departments respectively, at Nashville, were relieved from duty and ordered elsewhere. They were replaced by the two inexperienced officers that General Rosecrans had referred to as being with him on his staff, and one of them received the lieutenant-colonelcy for which I had received the congratulations. I continued to receive requisi-

tions from Nashville, and pushed forward supplies until his chief commissary found all his storehouses filled. This could be easily done, as the rivers were then with full banks. I then received an order from General Rosecrans' head-quarters directing me not to send any more subsistence to his army, as he would get all he needed direct from Cincinnati.

This was most agreeable to me, for it gave me a much needed rest, and enabled me to take an account of stock. It also gave me an opportunity to get up my returns, which were two quarters in arrears. There were but few troops in Kentucky, and the machinery of my office was calculated for a large army.

I knew more about the river and railroad transportation than they evidently did about his head-quarters, and made haste to straighten out my affairs.

I was informed that a large number of cars were on the sidings all along the route, being used for sutlers' stores, offices and quarters. This might be tolerated so long as the rivers were available, but I knew that the waters would soon be low, and that I would be suddenly called upon for supplies.

Accordingly I kept a stock of 3,000,000 rations on hand.

Rosecrans' army had reached Chattanooga,

and the surplus with which he had started was probably pretty well exhausted.

A good rain fell about the head waters of the Cumberland and filled its banks, when I received a telegram from his chief commissary to send 10,000,000 rations immediately by boat to Nashville.

That meant about 25,000 tons of freight for subsistence alone, and implied about 40,000 tons more for quartermaster, ordnance and medical supplies, which were to be shipped in about ten days on boats carrying about 500 at a trip. There were perhaps thirty or forty such boats scattered all the way from Cairo to Pittsburgh, and it would be remarkable, if, on such a rise of the river, any one would succeed in making two trips.

I replied that I would send forward as rapidly as boats could be furnished by the quartermaster, who was bringing them to Louisville from above and below. I also began to send forward by rail as rapidly as cars could be had, but it required a good deal of persuasion to make the occupants give up their convenient appurtenances.

I heard no more about getting supplies from Cincinnati, and continued to send forward as fast as transportation could be procured.

The battle of Chickamauga was fought, and

Rosecrans was relieved of command, but I did not see any military commission sit in investigation and judgment on the case. During all this time I had kept the commissary general's office fully advised, officially and unofficially, of all that was transpiring.

The first frenzied act of the Secretary of War was to kick at the quartermaster and commissary in Louisville for the disaster at Chickamauga. He ordered the quartermaster and the commissary at St. Louis, who had so efficiently supplied General Grant's army during the Vicksburg campaign, to proceed to Louisville and assume the duties there.

My brave friend Shiras, who knew all the facts, made such a vigorous protest that the order was revoked, so far as it related to the commissary.

Chronologically this is the proper place to record some incidents that may entertain some of my old friends.

General Burnside had been appointed to the command of an expedition fitting out at Cincinnati for operations against Cumberland Gap.

In an interview I had with him in Louisville, he stated with most cordial freedom and amplitude his plans and purposes. In fact, he overflowed with gushing and flattering frank-

ness. In writing to Col. C. L. Kilburn, C. S., at Cincinnati, I mentioned what General Burnside had told me of his intentions respecting subsistence matters. It did not occur to me that any possible exception could be taken to my writing, or to what I wrote; but it seems that Colonel Kilburn officially referred my letter, which was a private one, to General Burnside for his information, whereupon I was saluted with a ferocious threat in a general order from Burnside's head-quarters.

That fact alone ought to have taught me the distinction between a turkey and a buzzard, but I had yet to suffer much before I could be made to understand it.

I thought it prudent to get an official statement of my relations with General Burnside, and wrote in the most approved official form to know what calls he would make upon me for his expedition.

He replied that he would draw no supplies from my depot, and that I would be left entirely free to attend to the troops in western Kentucky.

Now, I had been well informed of his performances following the battle of Fredericksburg, and did not wish to be a victim of his peculiarities.

After due reflection, I concluded that he

would, in his own good time, call upon me by telegraph for about one million rations, and I kept that amount in reserve for such a call.

His command had started, and was reported to be at Crab Orchard in excellent condition.

While I was remarking to my clerk that I guessed I had been mistaken, and had better send those rations on to Nashville, a telegram was handed me from General Burnside, dated at Crab Orchard, asking how soon I could place 300,000 rations at Lebanon, Ky. I replied with promptness and satisfaction that the 300,000 rations he asked for were in store awaiting his orders for transportation. He did not send for them.

During the summer of 1863, while I was comparatively idle, I wrote to the commissary general suggesting that, as there were several large pork-packing houses around Louisville, fully equipped and unused, I might be profitably employed in packing pork during the coming season, but no heed was paid to my suggestion. A year later, when I was already overburdened with work and greatly worried with a multiplicity of duties, I was forced against my will, and in spite of my earnest protest, to carry out the suggestion I had made.

There was an institution in Louisville known as the Louisville Barracks, where transient sol-

diers were held in a sort of organization, and formed thus the garrison of Louisville. During Buell's time this had not been a formidable body, but by the summer of 1863 it had assumed the dimensions of a three-battalion regiment, and many of those found there seemed to be fairly permanent. At first I had regularly cashed their company savings vouchers, but in 1863 currency was scarce, and we had begun to pay in debts or certificates of indebtedness, and the savings vouchers accumulated in my safe. One day I had occasion to go to the barracks to see an officer, and was shown to a room where about a dozen were assembled enjoying a hilarious racket with a case of champagne. I mildly asked, "Who pays for the spread?" and a chorus answered, "Company savings." When General Grant took command of affairs in that section, twenty thousand dollars' worth of these vouchers had accumulated in my safe, and I received an order from his head-quarters forbidding the payment of any more such vouchers.

When General Buell was relieved I was dropped, as it were, by the wayside, claimed or acknowledged by no one except the commissary general, who instructed me to fill all proper requisitions made on me and pay all proper subsistence vouchers presented.

Until the war had passed out of Kentucky and Tennessee, Louisville was the proper point for supplying the armies there operating, but generals who had a genius for strategy were not well informed in the logistics of war. They were enchanted in some mysterious way with the advantages or the superior claims of Cincinnati. I am speaking of depots for supply, not depots for purchase, and I never could understand why such persistent efforts were made to use Cincinnati as a base of supplies.

This state of affairs continued until General Grant assumed control of military operations, when all was changed, and railroads, rivers, cities, and localities gave way to the necessities and requirements of war and to its prosecution.

In the summer of 1863, three or four of my juniors serving in that section were made chief commissaries, with the rank of lieutenant-colonel. Colonel Kilburn was assigned to duty in Cincinnati as Supervising Chief Commissary of the Departments of Ohio, Kentucky and West Virginia. I had been left out in the cold with all this glory revolving around me.

After a while they were disposed to exert authority over me, and I was disposed to resist such action as being adverse to the public interests. These officers had no funds for the

payment of vouchers, and I was constantly obliged to decline the orders of their generals to pay all sorts of accounts. The generals were constantly complaining to the War Department about my refusals, and were as frequently told to let me alone. I was constantly explaining my actions, which were habitually approved. At last, late in 1863, I received instructions from the Secretary of War that I was under the orders of the Secretary of War and the commissary general, that I would receive no orders from commanding generals, but would fill all proper requisitions made on me; that I would not disclose these instructions unless it became necessary for the safety of my person or my funds. I adhered to these instructions, and endured many annoyances, which could hardly have occurred, I think, if the new commissary general had himself been cognizant of them.

These orders remained in force until the spring of 1865, when I was ordered to report for duty to Gen. G. H. Thomas with the expectation that he would give me the lieutenant-colonelcy at his disposal.

I reported to him by letter, as I was ordered, but he never noticed my official existence in any manner. I have a great inclination to relate the probable cause of his unkindness

and discourtesy, but it would merely distress a large circle of the friends of an officer for whose lapses a persistent attempt was made to make of me a scapegoat.

Grant's arrival in October, 1863, produced a wonderful change. Locomotives and cars came in great number by boats to Louisville and by rail to Jeffersonville, whence they were ferried to Louisville. Our new chief quartermaster, Gen. Robert Allen, was a great man, and carried on his mighty work with a simplicity and facility that secured my admiration. Colonel Comstock, of Grant's staff, came to my office and had a long inquisitive talk with me about everything pertaining to military operations in that section, and I gave him all the information I possessed, together with the opinions I had formed.

I could now get three hundred cars a day, whereas previously I was hardly able to get an average of twenty-five cars. I had no more telegraphic calls to urge forward supplies, and during the Missionary Ridge campaign my work went smoothly along.

My anxiety for something to do had now become thoroughly satisfied. I had my bakery and my depot, and could, if not annoyed and hindered by the busy inventions of idleness, have easily managed the utmost demands that could be made upon me.

There were many officers of rank, of pretensions, and of merit, but a good part of their time was consumed in hunting for a weevil in a bean barrel, with the consequent reports, boards of survey and correspondence. It is wonderful how much "chops and tomato sauce" can be furnished during a war for contractors that can be dispensed with in a war for victories.

One morning during the Christmas week of 1863, Col. C. B. Comstock of General Grant's staff came to my office, which was full of people waiting a turn to be heard. He said he would come in again after business hours, as he wanted a talk with me. His manner indicated business and at the close of business hours I sent the clerks away and awaited his arrival, which was prompt.

He began his talk without circumlocution. He stated that General Sherman was to start, on the 1st of May following, from Chattanooga with 105,000 effective men and 30,000 civil employees; that I was charged with the subsistence of that army, and would be held responsible for that part of the work; that all my requisitions for funds would be promptly met; that all subsistence officers would be directed to fill promptly all requisitions I might make on them, and that only General Allen and myself would know the details, otherwise than at the

head-quarters of General Grant and of General Sherman; that if any knowledge reached the public, one of us would be considered responsible; that I must put nothing on paper in my office or in my correspondence by which the plans or the purpose of the campaign could be disclosed; that he, Porter or Babcock would stop in and see me from time to time, when, if I had any complaints to make or orders to request, I would state the matter orally to either one and it would be attended to. He told me that General Grant was to make at the same time a forward movement with the Army of the Potomac.

I asked him whose plans these were, and he replied, "General Grant's." I asked him what after Atlanta, and he replied: "Savannah, if we can; Mobile, if we must."

He took his hat and left. The interview had been short, but I knew that I had work for my highest ambition. *These were orders.* I obeyed them with the fidelity of a sacred obligation, and so far as I know or believe, no one but General Allen and myself did know of them.

It is hardly possible that the commissary general himself could have known of them, and I do not believe that they were known to the Secretary of War.

CHAPTER XI.

I NOW had a duty that was satisfying to my highest ambition, and I fulfilled it according to my conscience and to the best of my ability, faithfully to my people and loyally to my government, whose administration repaid me after "the way of the man with the maid." I could converse only with General Allen, who was very kind and, if possible, more burdened than myself.

If I had proceeded according to the general regulations, I would have rapidly enhanced the price of food to an extent that, at that time, would have oppressively burdened the people of the whole country.

I advertised for moderate amounts of supplies, and took all that was offered if the prices were favorable.

Captains Cushing and Elderkin, newly-appointed commissaries, were sent to assist me and to learn the duties. The commissary general had two of my well-trained clerks appointed captains and C. S. of Volunteers, and assigned to duty with me.

All my requests for transportation were

filled to my utmost demands. I was now well equipped.

In 1863 I found trouble growing out of flour delivered under city inspection, and I secured the services of Mr. Robert Ferguson, a retired flour merchant, who for one cent a barrel relieved me from all trouble about flour that was inspected by him and, besides, the government got all the *drawings*.

He was simply a master, in his knowledge, his integrity and his amiability.

I will illustrate his capacity by an incident. We required all flour to be equal to a standard, a supply of which was kept on hand for the guidance of contractors. This standard was not a single flour, but was a mixture of three flours, as would probably be used by bakers for making good bread.

Complaint came from the front in 1864 that I was not furnishing as good flour as was supplied to the Army of the Potomac, by the commissary in New York.

He had just been making some large purchases of flour, and I wrote asking him to send me samples of all brands accepted.

These, thirty in number, arrived in good time, and I placed them, together with a sample from our standard, on a table, and sent for Mr. Ferguson to examine and report.

He arranged them according to his judgment of their quality, but remarked that he should think one box, which he designated, contained our sample standard, if I had not said they came from New York. In fact, he had identified our standard which we had placed among the samples from New York. We found, by comparing prices and brands, that he had classified them according to prices paid, with scarcely a variation, and that our standard came about one-third the way down the list. Many of the brands were the same as we had bought, and of which complaint was made.

At the beginning, I had employed an expert inspector of salt meats, but observed that, when I questioned him about matters requiring expert knowledge, he would always have occasion to go and speak to a particular laborer, and would not answer my question till he returned. The man he spoke to was a sort of recognized foreman of the gang.

When I was left in 1863 with little to do, I dispensed with this expert service, and put the man I refer to in charge of the salt meat cellars.

I had a large supply on hand, and, as summer advanced, he suggested the necessity of overhauling the pork, and I set him to work at it.

He was truly an expert and, when I began to receive large amounts of meat, I appointed him inspector. Thus Michael Hargadon found an opening to a career which, I have learned with pleasure, he has followed with profit and credit. While he was in my employ, he served the government with great intelligence and integrity.

Disputes often arose about the fitness of the pork delivered under the contracts. If it had been put up in a frozen state, it was very liable to damage after being sent to the front, where it was often exposed to the sun and weather.

Hargadon had demonstrated his thorough knowledge of the subject, and I established a rule that all meats must pass his inspection, and, if it was of such a quality as not to require overhauling and repacking, no charge should be made for inspection; but if it was found, upon inspecting one barrel in every ten barrels received, that it would require repacking, then a charge of seventy-five cents per barrel delivered was to be deducted from the bill. I did this with especial reference to receiving the meats offered from Chicago and that section. They had not, at that period, the well-regulated packing-houses which now exist there. Their meat was often

put up in a frozen state, and was not fit for our use in the Southern climate, unless it were repacked while the frost was out of it and before it could spoil.

In those days a barrel of pork was put up with 194 pounds of meat, and, if temperature, meat and salt were all right, and the meat was well cured, the barrel would, when opened, weigh out from 210 to 215 pounds of meat. In repacking, we put in 200 pounds of meat, thus making a gain of ten or more pounds to each barrel overhauled. When we were not receiving pork, we kept our men employed in repacking what was on hand. This gain in meat, together with seventy-five-cent charges, more than compensated for the labor and salt required, and was a source of profit or saving to the government amounting to many times ten thousand dollars.

I deducted the charges from the face of the vouchers and took on my returns the gain in pork, reporting all the facts regularly to the commissary general. After this operation had been going on a few months, I received a letter from the commissary general's office, inclosing another which I was directed to read and return. This last was from a very prominent and wealthy pork packer of Louisville, informing the general of the regret he felt at having

to report that I was engaged in a disreputable transaction, by which I had already made between ten and eleven thousand dollars.

To make the history of that man fractionally complete, I will add that he was reported to me by my inspector for offering him a bribe to pass some meat which had already been condemned as unfit for repacking. I did not deem it of enough importance to report the latter fact to the commissary general. In the latter part of September, 1863, I noticed a new phase of administration, of which thus far I had had no experience. Several persons reported to me with credentials from the War Department, showing that they were employed for detective service. They came regularly every morning and asked if I had any orders for them. In one case I told one of them of a piece of crooked work that was going on, and perhaps he had better look into it. Otherwise I never made use of them and have ever since been ashamed of my action in that case.

I was not "on the make," and did not have in my employ any one that I thought was, so I felt no annoyance but quietly brushed them away as they came about.

I afterward did become mortifyingly aware that officers of the army—graduates, too, of the military academy—were doing that same kind

of service—detective, not inspection service, which is open and above-board, manly service—and they still enjoy the rewards. They did not do any legitimate service of their commissions to entitle them to the commissions they received.

Lest my real want of patriotism possibly be exposed by some future disclosures, I wish to relate a strange incident which I did not report and which does not properly belong to commissary matters. In the summer of 1863 I was pretty well run down by my life in the swampy localities, and there was no near healthy resort where I could recuperate during one-half of the twenty-four hours for the incessant labors of the other half. My good friend, Mr. Baxter, kindly suggested that the city authorities would make no objections if I, with my little family, occupied a couple of the vacant rooms in the city hospital, which was delightfully situated in a small park. We took up our abode there in company with a young man, Henry Saunders, and his widowed mother.

One night about eleven o'clock Henry Saunders came to my room and asked me, for the doctor, to go and witness the will of a dying patient who had come in that day.

I went to the patient's room, and saw a hand-

some youth of about twenty-two years sitting up in bed and looking, as it seemed to me, anything but a dying man. The doctor told me that he could not possibly live till morning, and wished to make a will and leave some money which he had, to be sent when practicable to his friends. At this the patient, surveying me intently, called upon Henry and myself to raise our hands and swear, but I stopped him and said I was not doing any swearing just then. I said that if he had any secret which he wished kept I would respect his wishes if they did not conflict with my sense of duty; but as for swearing, I could not do it, for I was in the habit of keeping an oath. He seemed satisfied, and dictated his wishes and subscribed his name, which I cannot now recall. The paper was witnessed by the doctors, and the young man began to pull out from his shirt and his drawers package after package of bank-bills, until a large pile of them lay on the bed. When he had finished, he lay down and seemed to be sleeping peacefully. We gathered up the packages and the will and took them to Henry's room, sorted and counted them. As nearly as I can remember there were a little over thirteen thousand dollars in notes of various Southern banks in Macon, Augusta, Columbia, etc. The young man died

before morning. There was nothing but the money and the will to indicate his purpose or its use, and the whole was given into the hands of Saunders, because, for obvious reasons, it was hardly proper for me to have the custody of them. The rush of affairs soon following swept the memory of this incident from my mind, and I have never heard anything upon the subject.

After General Allen and myself had received our orders to prepare for Sherman's campaign, we necessarily came into close relations, and our offices were in the same building. I owe him many thanks for much opportune advice, which was given with many recitals of an experience that had been most varied, and always an honor to himself and his country. He could have told a story of the war in the West that would have astonished for a generation the sweet faith of simple-minded country folk.

My first appeal to him for advice opened his treasury of knowledge, and thereafter one of my chief pleasures and relaxations came when he would open my office door and move his head invitingly about eleven o'clock, and I would join him for a half-hour in his private room. He did not have a private office.

This occasion of my asking his advice was

the receipt of a circular, seemingly by authority of the Secretary of the Treasury, urging all disbursing officers to force into circulation by all means in their power the newly-authorized 7-30 bonds, and decidedly intimating that they were expected to cut off the overdue coupons, presumably for their own use.

General Allen took me downstairs and told me to have nothing to do with that business, as in due time every officer who touched them would be overhauled and made to refund every dollar so obtained.

He fortified his advice by stories of his experience in the Mexican War and in California. I afterward learned that some excellent officers had taken the bait, and had suffered severely. On one occasion, before the 7-30 mill was in operation, our supply of funds was very low and our indebtedness very great and rapidly growing greater. I sorrowfully asked him what I was to do, as I owed three millions. He quietly told me to keep right on and not trouble myself about it, adding that he was in the same condition, only he owed thirty millions.

In the spring of 1864 General Allen was made sick by the confinement, worry and overwork, and was obliged to go away for one or two months, and Col. William Myers came

over from St. Louis and took his duties during the time of his absence.

I had made my estimate of the daily requirements of General Sherman's army at 300,000 rations, and my advices of the 30th of April, 1864, from Nashville and Chattanooga gave the following amount of rations in store for beginning the campaign the next day :

	In Chattanooga.	In Nashville.	Total.
Salt meat.....	2,000,000	7,000,000 =	9,000,000
Breadstuffs	3,000,000	8,200,000 =	11,200,000
Vegetables	7,000,000	14,000,000 =	21,000,000
Coffee	6,500,000	13,300,000 =	19,800,000
Sugar.....	3,500,000	3,200,000 =	6,700,000
Candles....	3,400,000	7,000,000 =	10,400,000
Soap	2,600,000	4,400,000 =	7,000,000
Salt	8,500,000	12,000,000 =	20,500,000
Whisky.....	1,000,000	2,000,000 =	3,000,000

Besides there was a very large stock of articles not of regular issue, and a great number of beef cattle.

There was a large depot at Murfreesboro, and another at Stephenson, from which I rarely had any, or only imperfect, information.

My reports of December 30, 1863, from Nashville showed the following rations in store at that date, and to this must be added the stock on hand at Chattanooga, of which I had no report at that time.

	Rations.
Salt meats.....	3,060,000
Breadstuffs	9,240,000
Vegetables	13,000,000
Coffee and tea.....	4,200,000
Sugar.....	12,150,000
Candles ...	6,050,000
Soap.....	8,200,000
Salt.....	14,753,000

Therefore it will be seen that we had been able to gain on their consumption about

	Rations.
Salt meats.....	6,000,000
Breadstuffs	2,000,000
Vegetables	8,000,000
Coffee and tea	15,000,000
Sugar.....	6,000,000
Candles	4,000,000
Soap.....	1,000,000
Salt.....	6,000,000

I found that the demands were so great and the prodigality was so evident, it would be necessary to keep a stock of ten million rations at Louisville, for if this was the condition of things while the army there was in camp and in a state of preparation, it must be worse after they got in motion, and it would not do for me to trust to contractors, commissaries and transportation in rear for a prompt delivery of supplies.

I consulted with Colonel Myers, who said he

would build the storehouses, if I would furnish a plan and specifications of my wants.

It was then impossible to hire storage, and it would have been difficult to procure a suitable location in Louisville, and, besides, such storehouses were better in Jeffersonville. I found a good location about a mile above the city, and secured, I think, a ninety-nine years' lease of the ground.

I drew up plans and specifications for five storehouses, each 200 feet long by 100 feet wide, with half-sunken cellars and fixed dunnage; for a barracks with kitchen and mess-room for 100 men; for a building for office and clerks' quarters.

Tracks were laid from the depot to the storehouses. The whole was surrounded by a high fence, outside of which was a barracks for a company of troops to guard from the outside. The clerks and employees were organized, and took regular tours of guard duty on the inside.

CHAPTER XII.

MY new depot was essentially finished before General Allen returned to duty, but while he shook his head doubtingly, he did not complain. During January, February, March, April and May, 1864, I sent to Nashville the following rations:

	Rations.
Salt meats.....	12,000,000
Breadstuffs.....	21,000,000
Vegetables.....	31,000,000
Coffee and tea.....	42,000,000
Sugar.....	14,000,000
Candles.....	22,000,000
Soap.....	12,000,000
Salt.....	36,000,000

which, together with what was on hand on the 1st of January, gave them

	Rations.
Salt meats.....	15,000,000
Breadstuffs.....	30,000,000
Vegetables.....	44,000,000
Coffee and tea.....	46,000,000
Sugar.....	26,000,000
Candles.....	28,000,000
Soap.....	20,000,000
Salt.....	50,000,000

This amount was increased by large ship-

ments from St. Louis and Cincinnati direct, and of these I received no account till a later date. This army—how large it was I do not know—had been supplied with about fifty million rations up to the 1st of June, 1864, when the regular summer complaint of short rations broke out.

On the 5th of June I received the following requisition citing only the foregoing items. This was the only "requisition" I received from that army during that campaign :

	Rations.
Salt meats	14,000,000
Breadstuffs	14,000,000
Vegetables.....	17,000,000
Coffee.....	10,000,000
Sugar.....	20,000,000
Candles	30,000,000
Soap.....	18,000,000
Salt.....	20,000,000

During June, July, and August, 1864, I shipped to Nashville the following rations :

	Rations.
Salt meats.....	9,657,000
Breadstuffs	4,664,000
Vegetables	14,083,000
Coffee and tea.....	19,220,000
Sugar.....	21,317,000
Candles	4,974,000
Soap.....	1,498,000
Salt.....	15,000,600

The balance of the stores were shipped prin-

cipally from St. Louis, as but few could be sent from Cincinnati on account of low water, while mine went by rail, and those from St. Louis went up the Tennessee River. I do not know at this date if there was any shortage in filling this requisition, but I should doubt it, because Colonel Haines, C. S. at St. Louis, was prompt in answering my calls.

I have the statements of rations shipped by Colonel Haines from St. Louis, and by Major DuBarry from Cincinnati, between the 1st of January and the 31st of August, 1864, which, consolidated with my own shipments, show :

	Rations.
Salt meats.....	65,000,000
Fresh beef.....	26,000,000
Breadstuffs.....	54,000,000
Vegetables.....	70,000,000
Coffee.....	70,000,000
Tea.....	10,000,000
Sugar.....	63,000,000
Vinegar.....	13,000,000
Candles.....	65,000,000
Soap.....	43,000,000
Salt.....	83,000,000
Pepper.....	60,000,000
Molasses.....	22,000,000

In addition to the foregoing there were sent, mostly from Louisville, during the same period:

Dried beef	30,095 lbs.
Codfish.....	18,096 "
Butter	133,685 "
Lard	23,955 "
Dried apples.....	349,410 "
" peaches.....	42,328 "
Cheese.....	5,858 "
Crackers	24,182 "
Dried fruits.....	4,087 "
Maccaroni.....	5,000 "
Salt mackerel.....	355 half bbls.
" "	199 quar.
" "	256 kitts.
Golden syrup.....	2,994 gals.
Canned cabbage	110 "
Ale	193 bbls.
Raisins.....	35 boxes.
Dried tongues.....	1,461 lbs.
Hops	11,938 "
Canned peaches.....	2,238 doz.
" tomatoes.....	2,905 "
" oysters.....	1,516 "
" assorted fruit.....	1,926 "
" " jellies.....	485 "
" condensed milk.....	2,120 "
Eggs.....	21,939 "
Whisky.....	333,395 gals.
Potatoes.....	1,626,920 lbs.
Kraut....	18,263 gals.
Pickles.....	25,467 "
Cabbages.....	2,170 heads.
Corn (forage).....	277,486 lbs.

This was fully equivalent to 350,000 rations a day for that army.

On that campaign Col. Amos Beckwith accompanied General Sherman as his chief commissary, and so long as he remained in Nashville the purchase of cattle at Evansville went on all right. After Beckwith went to the front, the vouchers for such purchases came to me for payment.

The new commissary general, A. B. Eaton, at this time visited Louisville, and seemed well pleased with my work. I doubt if he knew the orders under which I was acting, and I am confident that he did not know of the verbal orders I had received from General Grant for supplying General Sherman's army. His chief anxiety seemed to be about Colonel Kilburn, to whom he wanted to give a station commensurate with the rank he had, but did not know where to place him.

At last he asked me if I would feel hurt if Kilburn was stationed at Louisville with general supervision duty only, but with instructions not to interfere with me in my affairs in any way whatever.

I said that under such circumstances I could offer no objection, as I believed Kilburn was friendly to me and, if so instructed, would not be in my way.

I made a fatal mistake, and I present it as a warning to the young military hereafters who

may possibly be so placed. He became the source of all the serious annoyances I encountered during the war. As I now look at the matter, I see no reason why he could not just as well have performed such duties in Cincinnati, where he was then doing them, and I have never been able to determine whether he sought Louisville for the purpose of attacking me, or was thus cunningly sent there to act as a detective-in-chief.

After Beckwith had left Nashville, the little birds began to sing in my ears queer songs about the purchases of beef cattle at Evansville. I told Colonel Kilburn about it, and said that I must decline to pay any more vouchers created on that account. He said that he would relieve me of it, and would attend to the payments himself.

I was afterward informed that he had made an estimate for funds for that purpose, and been told in reply that I was furnished with funds to pay all proper vouchers created in that section. Soon afterward I was ordered to prepare cattle yards and purchase cattle for General Sherman's army. These orders came from Washington.

I hired grounds, built corrals, procured a first-rate inspector, and purchased 40,000 head of cattle between July 1, 1864, and August 1,

1865. I sent to Colonel Beckwith to send me an officer or soldier who would be a good man to inspect cattle, and he sent me this officer, a captain in an Illinois regiment. I have made a good search among my records, but I cannot find his name, and regret that I cannot enter it in this place, because he was a master in his business and a thoroughly square, faithful man. I sent the cattle forward by cars when they could be furnished; when not, I sent forward in droves of 500, and arranged for feeding-stations to Nashville. One day a stranger from Chicago put in a bid for 5,000 head. He came fortified with letters from parties whom I knew, made the lowest bid, and received the award. After all papers were signed and delivered, he said that, if I had any one whom I desired to have a quarter interest in the contract, and would send him the name, it would be attended to and no money would be required. I told him I did not think of any one just then, and no one did have any such interest on my part, but I attended carefully to the proper execution of that contract. When the last payment was made, I asked him to tell me his profits on the contract, and he replied, "A trifle over one hundred thousand dollars."

I did not make any report of this attempted outrage upon my official virtue, and thus

showed my lack of *business* capacity; for, at the apparent quotations of the day, it should have been worth a brigadier-generalship at least. During the visit of the commissary general I called his attention to the fact that I had in my safe those vouchers for barracks saving amounting to some odd twenty thousand dollars. He made a memorandum of it, and said he would submit it to the Secretary of War. Soon after his return to Washington, I received an order from the Secretary of War to establish out of the \$20,000 barracks-savings' vouchers a soldiers' rest of sufficient capacity to feed all transient soldiers that were passing through or delayed.

I hired an old tobacco warehouse on the corner of Main and Seventh streets, put in kettles and ranges, tables and dishes to feed 1,000 men at a meal, built a bakery near by, and with the assistance of Captain Cushing went into the plain restaurant business.

In a certain sense, it was not a profitable business, for we could account only for one-third of a ration at each meal, but this was good, and was appreciated to a ravenous extent. Each meal ought to have been charged with a half ration, and, if I had known how the trial balance was going to turn out, I should have doctored my returns to suit the

case ; but, as it was, when the war closed, we had run behind the original credit only about six thousand dollars, which was better than a good many business men show. We habitually fed from 500 to 1,000 hungry soldiers a day, and on one occasion we fed, in a steady succession of relays, about fifteen thousand meals to the Twenty-third Corps, and troops moving to North Carolina.

Finally at this same visit the commissary general reminded me of my letter written a year previously, suggesting the propriety of packing pork, and said that such a project was in the mind of the Secretary of War, and he wished me to investigate the subject and report what could be done.

I pleaded with him as earnestly as I could not to impose any more work upon me. I said that I had all I wanted to do, and all I thought I was able to do, certainly as much as any one man ought to do. I pointed out to him several commissaries of the regular department who were comparatively idle and could be put to the work. I reminded him that Colonel Kilburn, for whom he was trying to find a place, did not seem to have very important duties ; but he replied to my suggestions a little tartly, saying : " No, the Secretary says that if he decides to have it done, it must

be done here and you must do it. So that is all about it, and you had better get at it and get in your report as soon as possible," adding that I should have all the money and support needed.

They supplied me with the officer and the money, but when I needed support, they withheld it. I owe them nothing but unpleasant memories.

It was long after I had fled from the service that I first thought I had discovered the true inwardness of that whole hog business. It was necessary for me to have acquired a little knowledge of "ways that are dark" by participation in political affairs, before I was able to understand the merits of such a scheme of statecraft.

I now have no doubt in my mind that it was a well-conceived scheme to bulldoze Kentucky and Southern Indiana in the coming Presidential election, and I appear to have been the only victim. It has reminded me of the schoolmaster and the boy who brought him a beautiful switch—to flog others with. After a pretty full investigation of the matter by many conversations with leading men engaged in the business, I submitted my report early in September. I was ordered by the Secretary of War to make all necessary arrange-

ments and contracts, and to submit estimates for funds to proceed in proper season to pack pork in or near Louisville.

All this machinery was scarcely discussed or provided for, when General Sherman wrote that he must have an abundance of pickles for his men. I tried all the way from Cincinnati to Portland, Me., and found that only a few hundred barrels could be obtained, and that, too, at a cost of more than \$40 per barrel. I gave out word to the farmers that I would take all their green cucumbers, tomatoes, string beans, etc., at the market price, and advised them to plant largely. I hired an old open-kettle rendering establishment, having twenty kettles. In consultation with Dr. Middleton Goldsmith, we fixed upon a formula for making pickles that would warm the stomachs.

In due time I went to work, and with the assistance of Capt. O. J. Hopkins, C. S. of Vol., packed more than 200,000 gallons of curried pickles and 500 barrels of kraut, the whole cost averaging about forty-four cents a gallon, or about \$18 less per barrel than I could buy pickles of poorer quality for.

Pretty soon a demand came from Sherman's army for salt fish, preferably smoked herring. I sent to Captain Brigham, C. S. of Vol., at Boston for 100,000 boxes, which came in due time

and in good order, and served well for a while for haversack use.

We had bought and sent forward freely such articles as were required for hospital use, but an imperative demand came for canned fruits, tomatoes, etc., for sales to officers. I wrote to the commissary general for 10,000 dozen in a detailed list, and the goods were sent to me from New York and Baltimore. I have given in a general way a fair statement of the means used to subsist the army that marched to the sea.

A great deal has been written about the achievements of that army in "living off the country." I know that "comparison is odious." But I must remark that Buell's army used about one and one-half rations per man and did not live off the country at all, while Sherman's army used fully two rations per man, lived off the country, and were eternally complaining of my starving them to the danger of failure of the campaign.

Colonel Beckwith was continually writing and telegraphing to Nashville, Louisville, St. Louis, and Cincinnati, urging and complaining, and yet all of us were sending forward as fast as we could get transportation. Beside the very large number of beef cattle that were shipped and driven, we had sent more than 65,000,000 rations of salt meats to that army.

On the 17th of July, 1864, I received a dispatch from General Sherman, saying that in all their depots they had not more than ten days' supply of salt meat, and asking if the fault was with the commissary or with the quartermaster. I replied that I was sending forward all I could get transportation for, that the quartermaster was doing all in his power to give me transportation; but that there was a large number of cattle in his rear, which could transport themselves.

On the 12th of August, 1864, while I was at my desk and many people were awaiting their turn, the commissary general walked in, stepped up to me, and without other salutation, asked harshly to see my requisitions from the front. His tone and manner were peremptory and unfriendly.

I replied, perhaps a little sharply, that I had no requisitions from the front. He asked to see my correspondence with General Sherman's head-quarters. I had a habit of keeping all such matters in separate running diaries, and handed him the one embodying all correspondence with those head-quarters.

He read and asked by what authority I was sending supplies to General Sherman's army.

I answered, "by authority of the verbal orders of General Grant, conveyed to me by Colonel Comstock."

By this time everybody, clerks and others, had left the room. He asked the name of the commissary at Chattanooga. I named Capt. M. H. Bright. He asked for my telegraph blanks, which I laid before him. He wrote a dispatch, called in my messenger, sent his dispatch to the telegraph office, and engaged me in conversation until an answer was received in about half an hour.

He read the answer, and groaned and ejaculated, and again read, groaned and ejaculated.

At last he turned to me with a subdued look, and handed me his copy and answer.

His dispatch was: "Send me at once the daily average number of rations you have forwarded to General Sherman's army since the 1st of May;" and the reply was: "The daily average number of rations I have forwarded to General Sherman's army since the 1st of May is 412,000."

This was rather more than I had expected, but was not so far out of my calculations as to give much astonishment. It was, however, more than three rations to every mouth that left Chattanooga on that campaign, and yet they were crying for more and "living off the country." Can it be wondered that, with such a power-generating commissariat, they were enabled to triumph over a hungry foe?

CHAPTER XIII.

THE general sat still and meditated in apparent distress for a long time, and I began to feel uncomfortable. At length he looked up and asked me if I knew why he was there. I answered that I did not know, and I think I added that I saw no reason for his being there. At any rate, I was in a frame of mind to be impertinent.

He told me that he had been ordered to proceed to Louisville with the utmost dispatch and investigate my affairs; that the Secretary of War had received information from General Sherman's head-quarters that there was danger of his expedition failing for want of subsistence, and that the fault lay with me in Louisville.

I was not now in a respectful mood, nor do I think it would be expected of me that I should feel amiable.

I asked him if he had investigated sufficiently. He said that he had. I asked him if he was satisfied. He said that he was.

That was, so far as I knew, the extent of his

investigation, and he returned to Washington that night.

About this time—a little sooner or later is unimportant, and I could, by going to papers, easily ascertain—I received a letter from a good friend who was with the Army of the Potomac, and was doing very well in that position, asking me to exchange duties with him. He was and still is a very amiable, kindly gentleman, but I thought his letter was inspired from Sherman's army.

I replied that I was prepared to go wherever ordered, but at that late stage I thought I was hardly so well fitted for field duty, in which I had had no experience, as in the position where I was.

I think it proper to add here a copy of a letter which I wrote to the commissary general soon after.

LOUISVILLE, KY., *Oct. 29, 1864.*

GENERAL: Captain Bright has arrived and is now receiving cooperage, salt, and coal from the packers. I have conversed with him about the subject of supplies at and in front of Chattanooga during Sherman's movement upon Atlanta. You will remember that Colonel Beckwith telegraphed Colonel Porter about August last that supplies were very scarce; that he said I, Major Symonds, would not send him anything, and that he telegraphed to

Washington in such a way as to create great apprehensions about supplies for that army.

Inasmuch as that is all matter of record, I wish to add, for future reference, some statements made me by Capt. M. H. Bright, C. S. of Vols., as follows: Colonel Porter telegraphed from Louisville to Captain Bright for some reports and information. Captain Bright sent the reports which you saw showing amounts of stores forwarded from Chattanooga. He also sent several dispatches received by him from Colonel Beckwith during Colonel Porter's absence, which dispatches I presume you did not see, as it would not have been of any real benefit to show them. There were, as Captain Bright says, three in number. He does not remember the exact phraseology, but in substance that, first, no more subsistence stores should be forwarded to Atlanta until further orders; secondly, more stores having been forwarded, Colonel Beckwith demanded to know why his orders were not obeyed; third, that, still more being sent, he gave an imperative order that no more stores should be sent, as he already had more than he could well take care of.

Moreover, Captain Bright says that there never was a time when they did not have an abundance of supplies; that, on one occasion, Colonel Beckwith telegraphed to him that they did not have a pound of salt meat, and on the same day Capt. J. M. Blair, C. S., in charge of the depot at the extreme front, reported to him that they had eight days' full rations of salt meat.

Again, that it was well known that Colonel

Beckwith was trying to make trouble for me. This was very unkind in Colonel Beckwith and justified by no circumstances. I had never done him an unfriendly act in my life, but my whole course has been otherwise. I had never neglected knowingly a single official duty as commissary of subsistence at this point, but had felt myself responsible for the supply of that army, and thought I succeeded beyond all previous efforts. You will appreciate my desire to set my conduct in proper light, as I feel that a very ungenerous and unmanly effort was made, for what reason I know not, to destroy a dearly-earned and hard-sought reputation.

Gen. A. B. EATON, C. G. S.,
Washington, D. C.

P. S.—I have shown this to Captain Bright, and do not write to make complaint, but merely to have an account for any necessary reference.

As I look over these matters placed side by side in their various motions, I feel as if there was a concerted movement to get me away from Louisville.

I was so intensely occupied with my various duties that I had no time then or inclination to plot and scheme. I knew that more or less speculation was indulged in regarding a successor to the commissary general, but I had never dreamed of myself as possibly in the list of candidates. I have since learned that I was

a very serious possibility, and hence I now suppose that these concerted or coincident attacks had their origin largely in that belief.

When the Confederate General Wheeler started north in rear of Sherman's army, as if to repeat Morgan's and Bragg's movements into Kentucky, I received a cipher dispatch from General Sherman saying that Wheeler had started north with a large cavalry force; that the movement had no military significance except to raid through Kentucky and gather up all the cattle he could for Johnston's army. He instructed me to send three or four active agents into that section of Kentucky lying around the bend of the Cumberland River, and buy up everything that could be seized and driven off for beef cattle, regardless of size or cost, to drive all such cattle in behind Lebanon in central Kentucky, and to communicate these instructions to no person whatever, but to do it with the utmost dispatch.

I accordingly did as directed, and in a very brief time bought and had driven in near Lebanon about six thousand head of cattle of all sorts.

Compared with what we bought regularly it was a shabby lot, but it probably served the purpose, as Wheeler, after moving rapidly and

unobstructed nearly to the Kentucky line, suddenly and without apparent cause returned to Johnston's army.

Two of my agents reported to me that an old fellow had crossed their track several times, and had seemed to be spying upon their movements and noting their operations.

I looked into it and found that it was Colonel Kilburn's father-in-law, who was, as I supposed, thus harmlessly earning his salary as a clerk in the employ of Colonel Kilburn, but who I did not suppose was on my track as a detective.

I habitually reported everything to the commissary general's office, but, of course, made no mention of this operation further than my returns would show the purchase and payments. It was but an incident in the grand total, and soon the memory of it had passed from my mind until, on an occasion of a visit to Washington in 1867 or 1868, General Shiras said to me in his office: "Symonds, I understood fully all your operations but one; but I have never been able to understand that, and a good deal of comment has been made about it." It was a long time before he could make me understand what he was driving at. When it did come to my memory, I explained the matter to his entire satisfaction, but in a lan-

guage more vigorous than elegant, the memory of which, I venture to say, lingered, with one of the hearers to his dying day.

I could fill another volume with incidents of this exciting period, but it would be at the expense of personal reputations which may just as well be spared.

Daily, and often many times a day, pecuniary and official considerations were offered me for assumed favors already done, or as inducements to favors asked for; but I simply replied that the Government would properly reward me—and thus far it has done so after the “way of the man with the maid.”

I must relate one or two such incidents as will serve to illustrate the general character of all.

A merchant to whom I had shown some favors, and whom I had come to esteem, having allowed his greed to overcome his prudence, deliberately proposed to me that it was time I had made something out of the business, and, if I would give him a monopoly of certain purchases, he would give me ten per cent. of the profits. After a little calculation I said that if I understood his proposition, he would get about three hundred thousand dollars, of which he proposed to allow me \$30,000. He said that was about it. I told him

that if he could contrive to reverse the case and manage it so that I would get \$270,000 while he got \$30,000, I did not know what effect the proposition would have on me, but as it stood I would see him in some other place.

Now, if I had been "on the make," either in the way of commissions which carried pay, or in the way of brevet commissions, which carried hope, I would have reported the case to the War Department.

I know I speak now a little harshly of such matters, but I have seen so many rewards bestowed for service at that time which apparently had no higher merit, that I must be permitted to indulge.

I had as much on my hands as I wanted to attend to, with no time for officious literature, and I merely passed the incidents as being the inevitable concomitants of the public purse.

I made it a rule not to mention, let alone to talk about, such incidents; but in order to entertain one whom I supposed to be a friendly visitor, and whom I deemed wise and prudent, I one day showed some letters that I had in my private safe.

I thereby became a victim of misplaced confidence, for soon after I received from the office of the commissary general a circular stating that, whereas certain parties named had

offered a bribe to Major H. C. Symonds, C. S., U. S. A., it was ordered that all officers of the Subsistence Department were forbidden to have any dealings with said parties.

Now, as a matter of fact, these parties had sold me an immense quantity of supplies of prime use by all the people of this country, had sold them at a much lower price than I had been able to get them from other parties, and had always filled their contracts with singular integrity, and, I may remark, my dealings with them had always been by letter, and I have never seen a member of the firm to my knowledge, even to this day.

I hope if they or their children should ever read these lines this statement would afford some comfort, for I can assure them that I did not regard the proposition as venal, but only as an odd method of suggesting a payment for presumed kindness.

That was a species of notoriety I did not covet, and I made no more confidences of that nature, but have often reflected that if the virtuous author of the order had taken some of his own medicine, he would have contributed less to the present wealth of some parties who are now thanking God they are not as other men are.

Atlanta had been taken, and I neither needed

nor received additional instructions, but pushed forward supplies with all the means at my command. I knew what was the objective point, but it might be weeks or it might be months before the army would get away from that base of supplies.

Fortunately Hood stepped aside, and gave them the way they wanted, and with abundant supplies they were enabled to start for the sea with the least possible delay.

I do not desire to appear in the light of a critic of General Sherman's strategy in that campaign, nor would I pluck one laurel leaf from the crown he so ably won. I have all the desire for honest fame that is becoming to any ambition, and I mean to present, as clearly as my words can do it, some facts that have never appeared unto men.

At the beginning General Robert Allen and myself were made by General Grant an integral part of the campaign, and we were charged with its logistics, in order that General Sherman should be free to do only with its strategy. How well he did his part a great deal of the history of the war has been made to tell. How well we did our part is only known in the glory he has achieved, and the rewards that were bestowed upon his immediate entourage.

If we had failed in any respect, it would

probably have been fatal to his ambition as well as our official existence.

If he had failed, it would have been entirely in order to charge the failure to the incapacity or disloyalty of one or both of us.

And I defiantly claim that a fair share of his success was due to work done by myself, General Allen and General McCallum, who was in charge of the railroad transportation.

I now come to the *hog business*, to which preliminary reference has been made. It was an imposition to inflict it upon me, it was scandalous not to uphold me in my work, and the world would hardly desire to hear the whole tale of an episode that never interested a large number of people, and perhaps were as well buried as resurrected.

I propose to give in the next chapter a current statement of the events, and leave for a separate chapter the copies of the correspondence which seems to serve chiefly as the staple of War Memoirs.

CHAPTER XIV.

I HAVE endeavored to explain before this how I happened to suggest pork-packing on the part of the Government, and how I tried to be excused from doing the work, and how I was ordered to go about it.

On the 14th of September, 1864, I made my first report of my investigations, showing that Mr. Hargadon, my inspector, estimated the cost of packing not to exceed \$2.50 per hog of 200 lbs. average, dressed weight. Mr. Robert Floyd, of Louisville, had demonstrated that it was worth \$3.00, while Mr. Powell, of Madison, Ind., wanted \$4.35.

On the 16th of September I submitted the following estimate of cost and products in converting 1,000 hogs of 200 lbs. net weight :

COST.

200,000 lbs. @ 12½ cents.....	\$25,000
Cost of converting same, @ \$3.00 per hog..	3,000
Total cost.....	<u>\$28,000</u>

PRODUCTS.

500 bbls. of P. M. pork, @ \$30.....	\$15,000
25,000 lbs. of hams, @ 17½ cents.....	4,375
30,000 lbs. shoulders, @ 13 cents.....	3,900
25,000 lbs. lard, @ 18 cents.....	4,500
Feet, bristles, tongues, etc., @ 20 cents....	200
Value of products.....	<u>\$27,975</u>

In reply I received the following letter :

OFFICE OF COM. GEN. OF SUBSISTENCE, }
WASHINGTON, D. C.. *Sept. 21, 1864.* }

MAJOR: Your letter of 16th inst. on subject of packing pork, etc., as also a previous one on the same subject received yesterday, has been received.

The subject has been referred to the Secretary of War, with a recommendation that you be authorized to purchase, cure and pack pork, bacon, etc., as proposed by you, and he has "approved" of the measure. The details of the business are left to your discretion.

As it is an experiment that may not turn out to meet your and my anticipations, it is not desirable to arrange the matter for permanency.

I advise that you try not to exceed say 20,000 hogs, until considerable progress shall demonstrate the entire feasibility and advisability of the measure. The entire business should be so managed as to show all the expenses of the management.

There are no objections to its becoming known that you have this authority, and that you are making preparations accordingly, though it is not best to make special display in the matter.

Go to work as soon as practicable, etc., etc.

(Signed) A. B. EATON,
Com. Gen. Subsistence.

There was no question about its being well known. The subject was the all-absorbing

one in the Ohio Valley during that season. became as conspicuous as a political candidate, and up to the time of the election, November 8th, was only eclipsed by the presidential candidates, and after that I had the chief attention till the packing season was closed. On the 28th of September I sent out a circular to all the packers in the valley whose reputation for loyalty was fair. Some of the best packers were considered by the Government and by themselves as Secession sympathizers, and did not receive or expect invitations to the feast. I got nothing satisfactory from this circular, and on October 10th I sent out another of different tenor, but to the same purpose. In answer to this, the best that was offered reduced the cost per hog to \$3.25, and, while the parties were perfectly reliable in a business way, a contract with them on that basis would perhaps in those days have landed me in Old Capital Prison.

I then suggested to J. Smith Speed that I would like very much if he and Robert Floyd, or other men of sound integrity and well-defined loyalty to the United States, would make an offer under my second circular, and not allow the combination of pork-house men to run them off.

The following extract from my letter to

the commissary general, dated October 13th, explains all that is required:

They did so to-day, and at a rate less than the others by 15 cents a hog of 200 pounds. I am disposed to accept this for many reasons, which I state to you frankly, so that you may know my views fully if the question comes up in other forms. These parties are thoroughly reliable, thoroughly loyal, and thoroughly competent, and will work sedulously in such a contract to advance the best interests of the Government. I find at every step I took with a view to myself doing the work, that I would have to devote my whole time to it. That is utterly impracticable.

There was a growing uneasiness among packers that they might lose their hold on the product, and among farmers that we were going to seize their hogs. Packers were stimulating the fears of the farmers, and were buying, up or advancing on the crop at a very low rate with the risk of marketing it. Farmers relied on the bogies of the packers, and sacrificed their crops. Packers of small lots for local use, to whom no obstacle, with my knowledge or consent, was ever offered, began to write. Packers of large capacity, who had no intention of putting up any meat except at prices ruinous to the farmers, began to fill the newspapers with denunciation of the measure. Administration

politicians wanted a hand in the work for profit, and anti-Administration politicians began to fear for their tenure.

We were on the eve of an exciting election, which would take place November 8th. So much excitement had been aroused that I began to feel the need of assistance from the commanding officer of the troops in Kentucky, and sent Captain John Fry to Lexington to consult with General Burbridge and present my wishes. October 25th I sent in a special estimate for funds for the work:

100,000 hogs @ \$25	\$2,500,000
Slaughtering and packing same @ \$1.25.	185,000
40,000 pork barrels @ \$2.10	84,000
10,000 lard tierces @ \$2.50	25,000
20,000 bacon tierces @ \$1.65.....	33,000
32,000 bushels T. I. salt @ \$1.30.....	41,600
22,500 bushels Kanawha @ 70c.	15,750
20,000 bushels coal @ 30c.	6,000
1,000 cords wood @ \$7.00.....	7,000
Extra clerks, inspectors, etc., etc.	16,650
Freight on live hogs	70,000

Total estimated cost..... \$2,984,000

CREDITS.

By sale of hair and bristles....	\$10,000	
By sale of grease	52,000	
By sale of lard	500,000	
By sale of tongues, etc.....	22,000	\$584,000
Net required.		<hr/> \$2,400,000

PROBABLE YIELD.

40,000 lbs. pork @ \$33	\$1,320,000
3,000,000 lbs. hams @ 20 cents.....	600,000
3,000,000 lbs. shoulders @ 16 cents.....	480,000
	<hr/>
14,000,000 lbs. meat @ 17 $\frac{1}{2}$ cents.....	\$2,400,000

I succeeded in putting up more than fifty-six thousand hogs, which yielded 8,210,426 pounds meat at a net cost of \$1,424,635.93.

This meat was of superior quality, and was worth, at the market price of the articles when they went into consumption, about two and a half cents a pound more than it cost the Government. I really earned for the Government about \$200,000 on the affair. I had been instructed by the commissary general to seek Colonel Kilburn's advice and counsel in the business, and he had been instructed to assist me by advice and counsel. On two or three occasions, when the storm was raging hottest and my troubles were getting serious, I had tried to talk with him, but he had as often refused to talk, saying that he wanted to have nothing to do with the business, and would have nothing to do with it, as it was an affair of my own, and I must work it out without his help.

On the 5th of November Robert Mallory, the member of Congress from that district, met me on the street and began a fierce attack upon the proceedings. I thought he

was politically disturbed, and, as I had nothing to do with the politics of the affair, I talked gently, and answered him as far as I felt justified in talking. The next day I reported the whole interview to the commissary general.

On the 8th of November, the day of the presidential election, Colonel Kilburn came into my office during the morning in an apparently friendly and guileless manner, and I casually remarked that Mr. Mallory had said to me, that he, Colonel Kilburn, was entirely opposed to my scheme of packing hogs. Colonel Kilburn replied that he had so told him, and that such was the fact. He added that, as I had introduced the subject, I had treated him very discourteously since he had been in Louisville, and that he was satisfied that he and I could not serve pleasantly together there, and a great deal more rant that belongs to the official correspondence part of the narrative, but he added that he should now define his and my relations and give me written instructions by which I should be governed.

I was taken entirely off my guard. I had supposed all along that this man, who ought, by the rank he held, the years he had been in service, and the experience he should have acquired by ten years' duty in the subsistence department, to have been doing a duty such

as had been assigned to me and one or two other youngsters, was suffering from mortification, and I thought I had acted in a particularly courteous and respectful manner toward him. He was stationed in New Orleans, while Secession was incubating there, and I knew from my relations with General Shiras something of the matters that took place there at that time, which perhaps had controlled the War Department in not giving him any very responsible duties. It is possible I may have said something at some time, which, coming to the ears of a sensitive and tender nature, might wound, but I had never intended anything of that sort in his case, for he had always seemed so harmless, hurt and friendly that I had felt really sorry for him.

But here he was, hungry for a fight, and with his weapons evidently keenly sharpened, while I was beginning to feel that I was breaking down under my load, and if I was additionally burdened with a load of active hostility, I must go to the wall. I debated in my mind if this was an occasion to bring out my special instructions from the Secretary of War, and concluded that I would not be justified. Colonel Kilburn's instructions forbid me to communicate with the commissary general except through his office. I did not want to

call in the assistance of them any friends I had in civil life, and I telegraphed to Colonel Haines to come over from St. Louis. He came, and I related the affair and asked him to inform the commissary general. He declined to do so, and I wrote a letter asking that I be relieved from duty in Louisville and ordered elsewhere. This letter was sent through Colonel Kilburn, and then he showed his teeth in true gorgeousness. He sent me a copy of his letter forwarding and approving my application, and intimated, with refreshing naïveté, that my integrity was in question.

I instantly wrote requesting that he take immediate steps to recall my application to be relieved from duty, as I proposed to fight it out.

On the 7th of November, Captain E. R. Hopkins, commissary of subsistence, U. S. A., arrived in Louisville, and stated that he had been ordered by Colonel Beckwith to proceed to Louisville and be prepared to change his station and duties at any moment. This is the officer whose cattle vouchers I had declined to pay.

It was many years before I was able to digest this collation of facts, but it is proper that I should give an account of the feast with which I was served. The country can stand it.

I had kept at my multitudinous duties, and do not think any other interest had been allowed to suffer. A great deal of deviltry was going on, but I had, I thought, pretty well worked out the problem, and, at my suggestion, Colonel Kilburn revoked his "instructions" so far as my direct correspondence with the commissary general was concerned, and I resumed it on November 21st, not having made any communication since my recall of the application to be relieved. There was an active and ingenious cussedness pervading all the movements of the opposition from November 8th till the early part of December. I was getting about forty per cent. of my hogs from Indiana. The railroads in Indiana leading to Louisville were under the same control of the quartermaster as those in Kentucky, and were not allowed to carry freight other than government supplies except by permission of General Allen, and he had surrendered to my use those in Kentucky during the few weeks I would need them.

Three out of every five of the recorded letters coming to my office during this period were from Colonel Kilburn, calling for every conceivable kind of reports of no value or importance to the conduct of the war, and only calculated to annoy and interfere with my

duties. I thought it was time to get things to rights in some way, and I went to Mr. Joshua F. Speed, who was a personal friend of the President, with a view to his going to Washington and presenting a fair statement of the facts.

Mr. Speed asked me to walk with him around to the house of his brother James. We found him very busy, but he made an appointment to meet us at my office on Wednesday evening at nine o'clock, as he wished to see all papers bearing on the subject.

They came at the appointed time, and examined my diary of the subject. Mr. James Speed then said: "I know all about this whole matter, and I want you to give yourself no uneasiness. Keep right on with your work and do not worry. It will be all right."

But everything kept getting worse and worse day by day, until, on Monday morning following, I read in the paper that James Speed, the new Attorney General, had arrived in Washington and had an interview with the President. I went to my office at eight o'clock, and was pondering on the news, when I received from Colonel Kilburn a copy of a dispatch he had just received, directing him to report by the most direct route to the commanding officer at Hilton Head, S. C. I did

not worry so any more, but I subjoin a memorandum I made December 10, 1864, and I think time has reasonably absolved me from silence.

Memorandum of conversation with Colonel Barriger, held this A.M. in reference to the subject of difference between myself and Colonel Kilburn which arose in connection with the packing of hogs at this point.

Colonel Barriger has come at the request of Colonel Kilburn to confer with me as a mutual friend of both parties and as an officer of the Subsistence Department, of which we three are members.

He states that Colonel Kilburn, before leaving, is desirous of ascertaining if I am willing to come to some understanding which shall be a settlement of the difficulties that have existed between Colonel Kilburn and myself during the past month.

In reply, I say that I do not see how I can do anything which would probably satisfy Col. K.; that I do not believe it would result in anything that could remove present feelings; that I was anxious, almost to an injury to my reputation, so to act at the commencement of the trouble as to remove any chance of its ripening into hostilities; that Col. K. had used that very submission of mine as an occasion to throw at me the pent-up malice "of one and two years," during which time he had always met me with the most extreme professions of friendship; that, with such knowledge

before me, any act of mine indicating that I did or could entertain any friendship for Col. K., or could show any trust in his conduct toward me, would be an act of hypocrisy; and having these feelings, I do not see what I can do more than to assure Col. K. that I will not pursue the matter further than to make to the commissary general of subsistence a full report of all my purposes, acts, and correspondence in the matter, and that there I am willing to let it rest.

Col. Barriger remarked that Col. K. had shown him a letter from the C. G. S. which left an impression on his mind that perhaps the C. G. S. felt that by some omission of his, he, the C. G. S., had possibly been partly instrumental in the course of this misunderstanding.

I reply, that I do not believe any act of the C. G. S. has been directly or indirectly the cause of the trouble, but that I believe that Col. K. had fully resolved upon making a similar attack upon me, and only awaited a seeming opportunity. The circumstances throughout the trouble satisfy me that nothing that could be written or spoken would, in any way, remove distrust. I would prefer to let it pass, and try to forget, but I feel that there was intention of so great a wrong that I cannot now say I am willing to forgive or ask forgiveness.

(Signed) H. C. SYMONDS,
Maj. and C. S.

Witness :

J. W. Barriger, Lt. Col. and C. S.

This memorandum is a full token to me that I was breaking down, and since I have had a sense of convalescence, I have changed my mind, and concluded that I could better tell the story of my work, and fight the consequences of the telling, than to leave the task to another.

CHAPTER XV.

WHEN the first accounts of the engagement reached Washington, the commissary general sent the following telegram :

' WASHINGTON, D. C., *Nov.* 16, 1864.

COL. C. L. KILBURN, A. C. G. S. :

So far as I understand the subject, I am satisfied with and have confidence in Major Symonds and his proceedings under his instructions for packing pork, etc. It would work an evil result to relieve him now, or abruptly order his arrangements to be materially changed. Advise and aid him in his difficult task. The undertaking was fully approved by me, and duly authorized by the Secretary of War, the details being left to his judgment.

Furnish Major Symonds a copy of this telegram.

While the Cincinnati press was fairly shrieking over the subject, the *Louisville Journal* had kept singularly silent, but at last wrote me a very sensible letter, asking me to answer certain questions, which I did as fully as I could ; but they were not satisfied with my answer, though I will bear them the kind memory to say they behaved well about it.

A little while before the election, November 8th, a young, smartish kind of man, whose name I do not recall, but who was a captain of Indiana volunteers, and evidently earned his salary as a political Mercury of Governor Morton, called upon me and sweetly advised me that the governor wished me to take my civil employees, about three hundred in number, over into Indiana and vote them there.

I was startled, but talked as sweetly as I knew how, saying that I did not see how I could do it, that I did not see what right I had to do so, and that I did not think the governor had any need for my doing so to secure his re-election.

In a day or two the little fellow returned and renewed his request, and I told him gently, but firmly, that I could not do it. Whereupon he said it was the governor's orders, and if I did not obey them I would hear from him. I told the man in rather vigorous language to get out, and he got out, and I have never since seen him.

In May, 1865, a bill was passed making five or six additional colonels for the Subsistence Department, of which only one was allowed to the regulars. General Shiras took my name to the Secretary of War as the one who was entitled to that appointment, and the

Secretary of War read, tore up the paper, and throwing the pieces down, said, with a round oath, that I should never have anything so long as he could control it.

I had heard from my refusal to do dirty work.

Upon inquiring, I learned that several other officers had been similarly approached, but as they did not seem to hear from it in the way I did, I had my own opinion of things.

I was overrun by delegates of all sorts from all sections of Kentucky. I received them and answered their questions as courteously as possible, but I was getting very weary.

The following is a list of my agents for purchasing hogs, with the number that each furnished and the amounts paid to each :

Names.	No. of Hogs.	Amounts Paid.
C. T. Worley	1,611	\$46,870 57
E. H. Burnside.....	8,940	256,538 86
J. S. Todd.....	8,444	245,640 94
V. P. Armstrong.....	5,419½	147,771 34
B. H. Bristow.....	987	25,927 86
Miscellaneous... ..	7,680	211,226 56
<i>From Indiana.</i>		
D. Ricketts & Co.....	13,555	369,318 51
McDonald & Co.....	9,842	253,590 80
Totals.....	56,478½	\$1,556,885 44

There was no injustice practiced toward the farmers in Kentucky that was not equally

practiced toward those in Indiana, yet no one ever heard complaints from that quarter. My contracts for killing, etc., in Indiana were with the regular packers of New Albany and Jeffersonville, with whom I could make contracts.

I could not make contracts with the regular packers of Louisville; but that no injury should be done, I had bought all their cooperage, salt, etc., at the regular prices.

I have been regarded by my friends as sensitive and pugnacious, but I think the foregoing would persuade the most critical that I could, in a great emergency, be relied upon to act discreetly. Perhaps they will think, now that there is no emergency, I have lost my head. The fact is I was then breaking down with the burden of responsibility and the weariness of labors and annoyances.

I imagined that I was responsible for a fair share of that campaign, and that any failure of full success that could be charged to me would be my disgrace, as a heritage to my children.

I felt much as the pretty Mexican in her wailing supplication to the profligate lieutenant—"My virtue is all I have; for the love of God and the Virgin spare me that." Bad as he was, he spared her, and returned her unscathed to her pandering mother.

But these vicious cormorants of place and emoluments had in their hearts neither the fear of God nor the love of man or country. They were of the "dragon's teeth," then few in number but rapidly developing, which have since torn at the vitals of the Republic till its life had almost become extinct. I was now free to carry out my orders unembarrassed by any side shows, and can best continue the narrative by quoting my first letters to the commissary general.

LOUISVILLE, KY., *Dec. 10, 1864.*

GENERAL: I have just received official notice from Colonel Kilburn that he has been ordered to other duty.

You may rely upon it that I shall do nothing that seems to me improper or that will reflect injury upon the Subsistence Department.

I do not yet feel my wound so healed as to permit me to do all that a sudden repentance would prompt, but I will in due time so act that no reasonable person shall have a right to say I have done wrongly. I have given a full heart to the cause of my country, and I cannot yet forgive an injury done to that cause, but time will set all things right.

LOUISVILLE, KY., *Dec. 10, 1864.*

GENERAL: I have not sooner answered your letter of 24th of September, as I wished that every opportunity should be given for deter-

mining if we made any mistake in the product of hard bread. When I first began to bake I found that even then I got more bread per barrel than bakers were willing to confess that they could get, and I imposed all possible checks.

I kept the bread afterward three and four days in the room with the thermometer at more than 100°, and put in the trays 52 pounds to cover possible waste, and yet I got more by four or six pounds than others pretended they could get. I afterward suggested and had my machinist make very large powerful rollers at the mouth of the cylinders to catch and mold the dough.

By this means we saved probably one or two pounds per barrel from waste.

Our ovens are excellent and room is very abundant, and we very rarely have a cake scorched, and, so far as I know, never but once a whole batch.

Again, our flour is received almost directly from the mill and inspected by my inspector, who makes the smallest possible draft from the barrel.

Again, we never receive, as a barrel, light-weight flour, and I am satisfied that, by the time flour reaches hard bread bakeries and has undergone several inspections, it is reduced two or three pounds per barrel, leaving alone the amount that has been shaken out in transportation.

Again, we put into the boxes all good clean pieces, and I think from all these causes I can reasonably expect to make a gain over a baker's trade estimated at six or seven pounds,

and hereabouts they generally get 180 to 182 pounds to the barrel of flour.

I know our bread is as thoroughly dried or even cooked out as could be effected by any means short of a drying kiln.

Our results were so different in this respect from what I had reason to expect, that I have been more particular on this point than any other, and yet, with all my care, I get an average fully of 187 pounds to the barrel. Many bakers have tried, knowing these results, to see if they could point out the cause, but so far they have failed, and I have freely given them opportunities.

LOUISVILLE, KY., *Dec. 10, 1864.*

GENERAL: I have sold a few small lots of lard, as there was none to be had here otherwise. Had I better sell as best I can or should I advertise? I believe I can do better by selling my lard and grease without advertising.

The best candles made in the West (Fabel & Co.'s) are made here; and I could have all my grease and head lard converted into superior candles at a cost of about 35 cents a pound.

Would it be best to use up the stock in such way? I would now have to pay 40 cents for inferior candles. I can also have it worked into best German soap at about 14 cents, and if buying, I would have to pay 15 cents. It is with me rather a question of getting currency at the earliest practicable moment.

It would be most advantageous to manufacture up the product I have rather than to sell it and buy soap and candles.

I have now on hand over one hundred thousand pounds candles and 300,000 pounds soap, and the supply at the front is large, but they are articles that do not spoil and will not cost less than at present for some time to come.

The manufacturers are ready, and want to buy or manufacture for me.

If any one should read the full report of my hog operations, he would not want to know much more about that kind of business; but I will relate a fact that may or may not be of service to the reader.

Hargadon, my meat inspector, suggested that I cure my 112,000 hams in sweet pickle. I objected, saying that it would be better to *dry salt* and issue as bacon.

He replied: "I will tell you a secret. It does not cost more than a quarter of a cent a pound more than dry salting to make the best sugar-cured ham you ever saw. If you will give me the same pay that Stagg gets (\$1,200 for the season), I will make of them better hams than Stagg makes, and if the whole extra expense, including my salary, exceeds a quarter of a cent a pound, I will forfeit my salary."

This seemed incredible, for the difference in price was then four or five cents, but I had great confidence in Hargadon.

I gave him orders to go ahead and do it.

He did so, and his hams were delicious and the cost was less than the stipulated price. Hams were very scarce that season, and I was ordered to sell my stock.

A commission house bought a large lot, put on a coat of yellow wash, and branded them "Magnolia Ham." It is to this day a famous brand, but I do not know who owns it, or who puts them up, but I suppose that Hargadon invented them.

Pork went to \$45, but the government was essentially out of the market, and remained out so long that the price in the fall of 1865 fell to \$22.

I was early advised from Washington that the speculation had reached its highest point, and I watched with peculiar interest the slaughter of the lambs from the rural districts.

I knew that the New York Syndicate had unloaded largely upon Cincinnati and Chicago, and these began to unload upon the poor fellows that had a little money or credit, and a good deal of greed.

A gentleman whose trade before the war had been with the South, and who had saved therefrom little more than his credit, was always a welcome visitor to my office.

He was in my office when I received the order to stop buying or packing, and said that

he was going to take a turn on 2,000 barrels, at \$40. I advised him to keep out a few days and see what would be the effect of the victories. He was satisfied that the Government wants would put it to \$50, and went in.

Late in the summer of 1865, I bought that same pork at \$21.90.

A gentleman from whom I had bought 3,000 hogs, coming to about \$90,000, was very urgent for his money. I evaded payment for two successive days, but the third day he began to exhibit temper, and said I had promised him cash on delivery. I gave him his check, which he invested in pork at \$42.

I never heard how the bank fared.

I had an amusing adventure in this connection.

Several years after the war, I was traveling by rail from New Orleans to Louisville, and among the passengers was a very jovial gentleman, who, from the second day out, devoted himself to me. I knew that I had met him before, but I could not locate him.

In due time he got on to the War and the operations in Kentucky, when he waxed wroth over the iniquities of quartermasters and commissaries, particularly of one Major Symonds, who had stolen \$300,000 from the farmers of Kentucky, in the purchase of hogs. I asked

him how he knew that. He explained all the operations as they had been taught him. He cited the fact of his having, at the head of a delegation from Shelby County, waited on Major Symonds, who, though he was curt, was not uncivil, but gave no satisfaction.

I had now placed my friend, and saw that he did not recognize me.

I argued the question, told him I was satisfied that he was mistaken, as I was acquainted with Major Symonds, and had a good deal of knowledge of that business, and would undertake to explain it to him.

I told him that the article in the *Frankfort Commonwealth*, from which he had gained much of his knowledge, was written by a notorious speculator, who was in the ring of Kentucky packers, who had by their smartness succeeded in robbing the farmers out of just about \$300,000, and had published that article to divert suspicion from themselves and direct it to Major Symonds.

I explained that, on the Saturday night preceding the revocation of Major Symonds' orders, at least two banks in Louisville were opened after dark, and that the currency was taken out and sent by trusted buyers into the interior; that before Monday morning, when Col. Kilburn's orders appeared in the papers,

the buyers had bought up nearly 50,000 hogs; that as soon as this had been effected the price rapidly advanced, and his friends had lost \$300,000, which the ring had made.

He said he knew all that, but supposed Major Symonds had put it up and got the money.

I stuck to him like a brother till we were getting near Louisville, when I asked him if he did not know me.

On his answering in the negative, I said, "I am Major Symonds." He behaved as well as any gentleman could have done under the circumstances.

I will append the deductions I made in my report to the commissary general, on the pork-packing operations in the season of 1864-65:

Expenses (Schedules A, B, C).....	\$1,871,985 13
Proceeds (Schedules Aa, Bb, Cc).....	447,349 20
	<hr/>
Leaving.....	\$1,424,635 93

as the cost of 8,210,426 pounds of salt meat cured and packed in excellent order for use of troops, as shown in Schedule M following, and the deductions therefrom :

Products.	Pounds.	Sold, Pounds.	Transferred for issue.
Mess pork.....	12,199 bbls.
P.M. pork.....	16,931 "
Rump pork.....	17 "
Hams	1,470,950	100,882	1,370,068 lbs.
Shoulders	1,007,074	14,636	992,438 "
Tongues	18,847	222	18,520 "
Lard.....	1,598,626	1,451,729	146,897 "
Grease	213,701	213,701 "

Fourteen million four hundred and ninety-five thousand one hundred and eighty-one pounds gross weight cost \$1,565,967.09, and yielded 11,241,227 pounds net weight ; average loss of weight from gross to net, $22\frac{4485}{10000}$ per cent.; cost of gross meat, $10\frac{8034}{10000}$ cents per pound ; cost of meat from hooks, $13\frac{93}{100}$ cents per pound.

	Pounds.
Average weight of live hogs.....	256.3285
" " dressed hogs.....	199.9826
Yield of cured meat per hog.....	147.5805
" lard per hog.....	28.4397
" grease per hog.....	3.8017

Cost of curing, cooperage, fuel, salt, and labor and services, $\$2.37\frac{39}{100}$ per 100 pounds.

CHAPTER XVI.

BESIDE my work in the manufacture of hard bread, I was directed to make experiments on a species of hard bread to be made from sponge. A part of the bakery was set apart for this work, and I give the results as shown by its manufacture during the months of January and February, 1865 :

	Cost.
1,496 bbls. flour.....	\$13,232 33
76½ cords wood....	380 97
259 bush. coal.....	69 93
10½ gals. oil.....	20 75
1,139 lbs. nails .	108 20
4,122 barrels for packing....	1,236 60
696 lbs. soda	87 00
2,120 lbs. salt.....	30 68
250 lbs. sugar.....	50 63
45 lbs. hops.....	25 65
75½ lbs. malt.....	4 53
Repairs, \$371.55, and gas, \$21.79.....	393 34
Services	1,804 70

Yielding 283,476 lbs., costing \$17,445 31

We found that we got the best bread from the poorest flour, and that good flour made poor bread.

In June, 1865, the Western troops were brought to Louisville for final review and discharge, and the bakery was used in making soft bread with the following noted results:

	Cost.
2,430 bbls. flour.....	\$16,448 42
65 cords wood.....	357 00
550 bush. coal.....	165 00
64 bush. potatoes.....	255 05
90 lbs. hops.....	40 50
300 lbs. nails.....	19 50
15 gals. oil.....	26 40
Lumber	63 90
Gas	29 40
Labor, etc.....	4,715 89
	<hr/>
	\$22,121 06
Deducting the value of barrels.....	522 00
	<hr/>
Total net cost.....	\$21,599 06

Two thousand four hundred and thirty barrels of flour yielded 628,137 pounds of soft bread. Thus, when flour was \$6.77 per barrel, a pound of good baker's bread cost about three and four-tenths cents. A barrel of good baker's flour yielded about two hundred and fifty-four pounds of good bread.

Any one can easily figure out the profits.

I add here a statement of operations in the pickle factory from August to December, 1865:

	Cost.
23,065 lbs. onions	\$1,014 86
177,822 heads of cabbage.....	17,782 20
852,147 cucumbers.....	8,391 96
30,771 mangoes.....	830 82
321 bush. green beans.....	654 84
209 bush. green peppers.....	477 22
67 bush. horseradish.....	180 90
307 bush. beets.....	831 97
6,658 bush. green tomatoes.....	9,151 51
81,961 gals. vinegar.....	29 505 66
89,946 lbs. salt.....	1,349 20
1,200 lbs. black pepper.....	450 00
675 lbs. cayenne pepper.....	337 50
6,661 lbs. mixed spices.....	2,458 69
4,498 barrels (whisky).....	6,747 00
Rent of building, etc.....	666 66
Labor employed.....	3,462 44
<hr/>	
187,904 gals. pickles and 502 bbls. kraut for	\$84,293 43

The pickles cost 46 cents and the kraut 26 cents per gallon. Pickles, only approximating to these in quality, could not be purchased then for \$40 per barrel.

We hear and read a great deal about compliance or non-compliance with this order and that order, about battles lost and won, about successes and defeats, merits and defects of campaigns, about marches, victories, and defeats; but who has ever heard of quartermasters and commissaries as anything but rogues

and thieves? Yet by that summer of 1865 I had never received a dollar of emolument beyond the regular pay of my full grade, unfortified by additional rank. I had spent in my living expenses every cent I had saved through eight years of frugal life preceding the war.

Beside my legitimate duties of buying, receiving, and issuing about ten million rations a month, I had earned—

In my bakery over and above its cost.....	\$285,000
In packing pork, at profit of 2 cents per lb	224,000
In making pickles, at profit of \$15 per bbl.	75,000
	<hr/>

Thus showing a total earning of. \$584,000

without considering the general effect on the market. The reaction from the turmoil of October, November, and December, 1864, had set in, and I began to feel a necessity of getting away and resting. I was tired, and by the time that the Army of the West was disbanded I was in a condition to do almost anything to get away from the scenes of agony by which I had for four years been surrounded. I had written to the commissary general asking that I might be ordered to Washington to consult with him about important matters, but he refused my request. I wanted to see my friend General Shiras to tell him what I did not dare to write—that I was afraid I should go mad if

I did not get a rest. I did not have money enough to pay my own expenses to Washington, or I think I should have gone at any rate; and the refusal made me brood morbidly over what I thought were wrongs. I did what no sane one would have done, with such a service and with such a record behind him—I resigned.

I am not now whimpering or posing as a Lazarus, but I have read and seen so much of those traits during the last twenty years, when there was no justification for the attitudes nor merits for the demands for alms, that I have decided to tell my own story, and not leave to others to damn me with the faint praise of an obituary notice stereotyped on *de mortuis nihil, nisi bonum*. My case was not a "great exception." There were several quartermasters whose labors were as arduous and whose work was as trying as was my own; but I am hardly expected to eulogize them in a work on commissary matters.

But I wish to recall the wonderful services of a quartermaster of volunteers, Charles H. Irvin, who came out as regimental quartermaster of the Ninth Michigan Cavalry. He was made a captain and assistant quartermaster of volunteers by General Anderson, and was the real quartermaster at Nashville during the

whole war. His labors were herculean, and I do not see that he even received the barren compliment of a brevet.

He was surrounded in his duties by brigadier-generals, colonels, lieutenant-colonels and majors doing that duty, and yet I believe he did more work and deserved more praise and reward than all of the others combined.

He seemed to have incurred the wrath of the whole herd of official scoundrels and hungry contractors, and when the war was over I fancy there was not much left of mind or nerves to rebuild upon. He was accused of stealing by the hundreds of thousands; and in 1866, when he was closing out his business, he told me that he was too poor to keep his little family with him, but had been compelled to send them home. This was in answer to my direct question on the subject, as I thought I saw signs that had become familiar to me in my own case.

I have endeavored to present in readable narrative form a fairly detailed account of some of the work, trials, and costs of a great war, with which the present generation is entirely unacquainted. I have told the truth, but not half the truth. I could more than fill an equal space with matter that would gratify an unhealthy curiosity, but would hurt many

reputable persons, and tend to make a sacrifice of some military and political *heroes* (?).

I will close this chapter with a copy of my report on the pork-packing business and its acknowledgment by the commissary general:

OFFICE OF THE U. S. COMMISSARY OF SUBSISTENCE, }
LOUISVILLE, KY., *Sept.* —, 1865. }

GENERAL: I have not sooner been able to make a report in detail of my operations in packing hogs in the winter of 1864 and 1865, for several reasons—

1st. It was not all done before last May, as the meat was not all cured before that time, so that I could determine the expenses.

2d. In anticipation of the wants of a very large army, I had reserved for use of the troops a large quantity of the best lard I had made.

3d. As the army had gone that was expected to use this lard, I desired to sell it to the best advantage before I made a report.

In the mean time, from its great depreciation in value, I had no opportunity to sell it to advantage. I have now sold it, and can report approximately the result of the operations.

The circumstances attending the experiment, official obstructions, political, personal, and commercial opposition rendered it impossible for me to procure as many hogs as I had provided material for curing, and consequently a considerable amount of cooperage has been left on my hands, which I will not be able to dispose of without great loss before the season for packing again comes round.

Schedule "A" exhibits the numbers, weights, and prices of all hogs purchased, with the names of the persons from whom they were purchased.

Schedule "B" exhibits the quantities, kinds, and cost of all articles procured for this service.

Schedule "C" exhibits the amounts disbursed on account of the business.

These constitute the items of expense, and make a total of \$1,871,985.13.

Perhaps rightfully, and to the better appearance of my operations, I should deduct from this sum the amount of my sales, including the lard retained for use of troops, but I had preferred rather that I should deduct the amounts as determined from actual sales, and which will be found in Schedule "Aa."

Again, I can only estimate the present value of barrels, tierces, and kegs which are now on hand, and which, but for the obstacles referred to, would have been entirely used. The estimate I have made is as disadvantageous to my operations as I can think will be proven, and is presented in Schedule "Bb."

The property and products transferred, and which have gone into consumption and beyond my control (excepting the meat), with their values at the time of transfer, are presented in Schedule "Cc."

RECAPITULATION.

Expenses, A, B, C.....	\$1,871,985 13
Proceeds, Aa, Bb, Cc.....	447,349 20
	<hr/>
Leaving.....	\$1,424,635 93

as the cost of 8,210,426 pounds of salt meat cured and packed in excellent order for the use of troops, which is exhibited in Schedule "M."

I would not recommend that the government resort to this method of procuring its supply of hog products, as I cannot conceive that any officer would be anxious, or even warmly disposed to engage in the experiment a second time.

There ought, however, to be some well-defined rules governing inspection and acceptance of salt meats on the part of the Subsistence Department, as the practices of licensed inspectors are very far from furnishing that protection to the government which the best interests of the service would seem to require.

I made many contracts in connection with this business, and I cannot know how far the government will be responsible for them, as I did not forward them for your action.

At the time I made them I felt that everything was going along smoothly; and that I would realize all my expectations; and had such been the case, there would have been no reason to apprehend any trouble from them.

Finding, before I was prepared to send them all off, that the difficulties were likely to be so great as to render doubtful the success of the experiment, I determined to withhold them and not allow your approval to render the government any further liable. The only ones from which any trouble threatens, are those with Speed and Davis and Robert Floyd for killing, curing and packing the hogs.

Speed and Davis have not made, nor, so far as I know, do they contemplate making, any claim.

Robert Floyd, I am aware, has taken some steps toward that object, but I do not know how far he has gone.

I send you copies of all contracts pertaining hereto just as they were—some complete and some incomplete—on the 8th day of November, 1864.

Had I been compelled to go into the market and purchase the amount of pork I packed, it would be difficult to tell how much I would have had to pay for it, but certainly more than it did cost, as appears in this report. It is possible that my action in this matter enhanced the value of salt meats, but I do not think that it did. I do think, however, that the meddlesome action of Colonel Kilburn tended decidedly to produce such a result. I have learned that packers would be reimbursed for use of buildings and expenses of slaughtering and packing by receiving fifty (50) cents a hog, provided they could run their works to the full capacity during the season.

To Gen. A. B. Eaton, C. G. S.,
Washington, D. C.

In acknowledgment of the receipt of this report, I received the following letter:

OFFICE COM. GEN. of SUBSISTENCE, }
WASHINGTON, D. C., Oct. 3, 1864. }

MAJOR: Your report of September (without day), giving in detail the result of your

operations in packing pork, etc., has been received. The report is very interesting and will afford to this department many specific items of knowledge of much value.

Considering all the difficulties under which you labored, the whole transaction, including the result, is very satisfactory.

You are entitled to the thanks of the department for your willingness voluntarily to undertake so great a task, as also for the perseverance with which you prosecuted it to a successful conclusion. No single transaction within the transactions of the Subsistence Department during the war equals it in the detailed knowledge and care required in its execution. I trust, Major, when the annoyances, perplexities and special difficulties you encountered shall in a measure pass from your mind, there will remain the satisfaction that always attends success under inauspicious circumstances.

I shall, personally, always entertain a very high regard for you in consequence of the efficiency, zeal and success which have characterized your service of the Subsistence Department during the War.

Very respectfully, your ob't servant,

(Signed)

A. B. EATON, *Com. Gen. Subs.*

Maj. H. C. Symonds, C. S., U. S. A.

Louisville, Ky.

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